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JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII. No. 437. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1914 ONE PENNY

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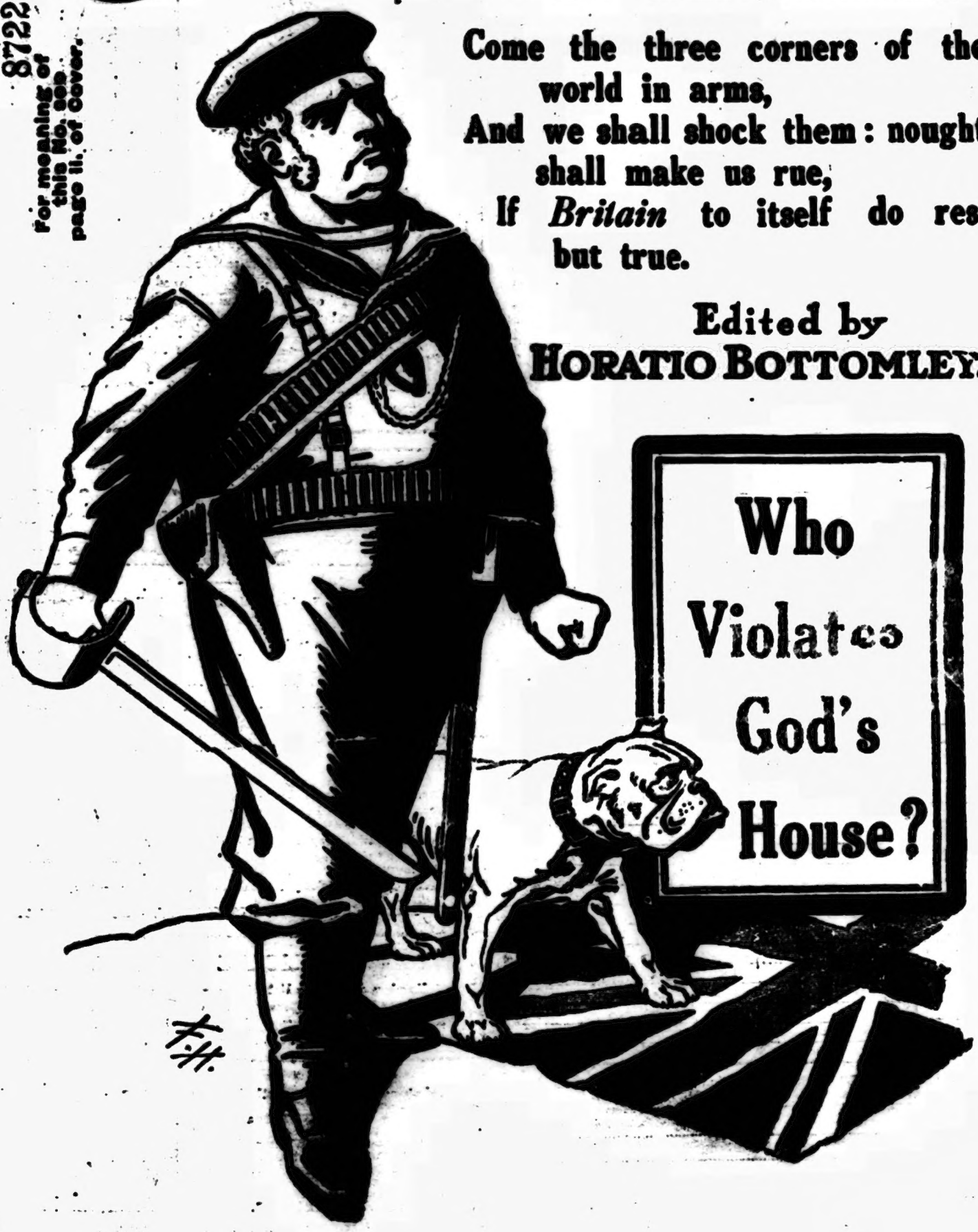
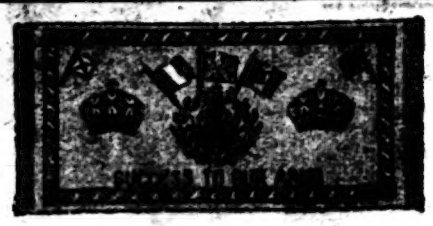
For meaning of this No. see page ii. of cover.



Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Size including Wool Fringe 72 ins. × 34 ins



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This is the greatest popular-priced Gramophone offer ever made and it is extended to every reader.

We Deliver this high-grade powerful Gramophone complete with all accessories, and 20 full size carefully chosen selections, to all approved orders for 5/- NOW. Balance in eleven monthly payments of 5/- if you are satisfied. Money refunded in full if you are in any way disappointed

5/- NOW

THE GRAVES GRAMOPHONE has a solid Dark Oak Cabinet decorated with Art Metal Panel. The Motor runs silently and smoothly, and is of exceptional power. Fitted with Taper Tone Arm, 10 inch Turntable and 16in Seamless Sound Horn, beautifully decorated in a charming combination of Art Shades. The Sound Producer has extraordinary power, is marvellously sensitive and reproduces with amazing fidelity. It is a triumph of ingenuity.

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J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of *JOHN BULL of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following correct claims have been received:—

ROBERT THWAITE, 73, Long Street, Swinton, Manchester. September 28. 852,175.

WILLIAM BIRCH, 15, Newbridge Lane, Stockport. September 19. 182,468.

H. W. CRABB, "The Gresham," 6a, Palmerton Road, Boscombe. September 26th. 914,226.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 10th:—

003277	148688	342052	526508	797638
007885	165423	355393	555856	816564
011767	196506	407485	570497	823873
021833	218205	409839	621528	870064
023863	242689	413979	633292	903621
048513	276731	423191	645514	947632
065880	294284	456189	676607	972620
099355	306291	499155	706128	A000350
123590	312085	511490	713476	A028762
139232	322806	523134	747729	A063128

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published October 21st).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. October 17, 1914.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

FIRST READ THIS
If you predict the "Home" Team will win put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Oct. 31st.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Aston Villa		Newcastle U.
			Bradford	v.	Burnley
			Manchester U.	v.	Chelsea
			Bolton Wanderers	v.	Everton
			Blackburn R.	v.	W. Bromwich A.
			Notts C.	v.	Sheffield W.
			Sunderland	v.	Manchester C.
			Glossop	v.	Notts F.
			Fulham	v.	Bury
			Stockport C.	v.	Bristol C.
			Hull C.	v.	Huddersfield
			Leeds C.	v.	Grimsby T.
			Clapton O.	v.	Birmingham
			Swindon	v.	Exeter C.
			Southend U.	v.	Cardiff C.
			Queen's Park R.	v.	Brighton & H. A.
			Croydon C.	v.	West Ham U.
			Reading	v.	Plymouth A.
			Southampton	v.	Watford
			Northampton	v.	Crystal P.

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

5 *Address* .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 23, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left hand corner, Football Contest, No. 5, and post to reach us not later than Friday October 30th.

3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the *Sporting Life*, of all the matches given; to a limit [illegible] when that no entrance form be received, the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct Forecasts whatever the number; and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*. If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,000, or the £100, the *Mary Bull* prize will be awarded to the sender of the *next* most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1000, the £100 as well as the special £25 mauve coupon Prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

THE CLOSING DATE IS FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Aston Villa v. Newcastle U.
			Bradford v. Burnley
			Manchester U. v. Chelsea
			Bolton W. v. Everton
			Blackburn R. v. W. Brom. A.
			Notts C. v. Sheffield W.
			Sunderland v. Manchester C.
			Glossop v. Notts F.
			Fulham v. Bury
			Stockport C. v. Bristol C.

H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Hull C. v. Huddersfield
			Leeds C. v. Grimsby T.
			Clapton O. v. Birmingham
			Swindon T. v. Exeter C.
			Southend U. v. Cardiff C.
			Q. P. R. v. Brighton & H. A.
			Croydon C. v. West Ham U.
			Reading v. Plymouth A.
			Southampton v. Watford
			Northampton v. Crystal P.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVII. No. 437. Week ending Saturday, October 17th, 1914. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. **FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, SPORTING** *and* **LEGAL** *inquiries should be directed to the Financial, Insurance, Sporting, or Legal Editor, as the case may be. All communications should be addressed to* **93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.**

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for OCT. 10th, 1914, bearing on its Cover the Number **291,620.**

Apply THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Haldane Heroics.

We notice that Lord Haldane has been addressing a recruiting meeting. It would have been more to the point if he had explained why, when War Secretary, he reduced our Army by 30,000 men, always telling us that there would be ample time to increase it whenever war broke out; and why he was always hobnobbing with the Kaiser and then coming back and assuring us of Germany's friendship for our country. Haldane should lie low.

Too Much Anthem.

Will our theatre and music hall managers try to realise that there is such a thing as too much national anthem? To be constantly standing up whilst four of them—usually with "Rule Britannia" thrown in—are played, becomes just a bit monotonous in time, especially when followed by portraits of the King and his Allies. Can no conductor compose a *pot-pourri* of the lot? It would become very popular.

A Wonderful Album.

The most wonderful shillingsworth of portraits ever placed upon the market may now be obtained at any bookstall or newsagent. It is the "John Bull War Album," and contains sixteen splendid mounted photogravures of the principal actors in the great war drama—each of which is worth the whole price of the collection. It is really a remarkable achievement—and you will thank us for telling you about it.

Twenty Per Cent. in Two Months.

It is announced that the Prince of Wales' Relief Fund has reached £3,063,000, of which £635,000 has been distributed! It was founded on Aug. 6th and this is October. Oh for a ——

Our National Poet.

What has become of the Poet Laureate? Where are his stirring lines? What is he doing for his salary? Even poor Alfred Austin would have turned out something!

A War Wire.

A Herne Bay reader, with an evident weakness for punning, suggests that we should wire the Kaiser as follows:—"Why not invade Holland, secure the hook *and sling it?*"

Brave Belgium.

The fall of Antwerp is almost the last drop in the bitter cup of brave Belgium's anguish. Ostend may follow, and then, indeed, will the cup be full. Our debt to King Albert and his people can never be adequately discharged; but we must do our best, after the war, to pay it. Meanwhile, let no Briton meet a Belgian, be he ever so lowly, without raising his hat.

More Clerical Appreciations.

From a South Queensferry reader:—

> I felt I should like to inform you that while attending an evening service lately in the Episcopalian Church here, the pastor, the Rev. Fred Smith, made special reference to your article, "The Mills of God Grind Slowly." He strongly advised every member of his congregation to get a copy, as it was the most truthful publication which could be read at the present time. This is the soundest advice I ever heard given from a pulpit.

We *are* getting on.

"If You See It——"

A reader has called our attention to an article in our issue of April 4th last, written at the time of the trouble between the War Office, Colonel Seely, and the Ulster officers, in which we said, "Under a Business Government, Lord Kitchener would to-day be Minister of War," and added: "Now just think of the lesson of it all. Here we are, on the verge of war with Germany; as to that there is no doubt." And then we concluded with the observation, "Aren't we all Seely fools?" We were.

A Reminder—from Bradlaugh.

An esteemed reader—an old friend, like ourselves, of Bradlaugh—takes exception to the tone of our recent war articles, and sends us a delightful statuette of the dead Man, to "keep in front of us when writing future articles." We shall certainly do so—and we do not think we shall write any the worse in consequence. We remember that the *Daily Telegraph*, in its obituary notice of our lost leader, quoted some such words as these: "The best of Christians he, though he knew it not." Without, however, placing any label upon him, we can affirm that a more truly soulful man than Charles Bradlaugh never walked the earth. Get one of those little busts and study it. You can buy it for three shillings at 2, Newcastle Street, Farringdon Street, E.C.

More Cash for F **Another £1,000 Prize this week. See page 27.**

Widows Going Cheap.

Heroes' widows are still going at five bob a week, and no advance. We agree with the *Daily Telegraph* and some of its correspondents—they are all more polite than bluff John Bull—that this is a damned shame. Here are men fighting for their country and King, falling dead in trenches, or dying in agony on the open field of war; and all a grateful country is giving their widows at the present moment is a pension of five shillings a week. Many of our brave men have thrown up good situations to answer the resounding call to arms—and this is the price of their widows! What is more, there will be no advance unless we all kick up a row about it. The kingdom does not deserve its soldiers if a charity dole is to be chucked to their widows in this way. They would get more in the law courts under the Workmen's Compensation Act, if brought within its provisions. Any Government can do the mean thing in regard to our soldiers; all Governments have been doing it for years. It has been the satire of song and story. Every workhouse in the land has rung with the shame of it. This Government must cease to do the mean thing. It must do the right thing. It must do the grateful thing. It must do the generous thing. The market price of British soldiers' widows must be raised to a standard of decency.

Anno Domini.

In earlier periods of industrial stress, the Post Office has been able to absorb a good deal of casual labour, and, at the outset of the war, a large number of "auxiliary postmen" were enrolled in the place of regular men who had joined the colours. In this connection, a North London reader relates a somewhat bitter experience. Thrown suddenly out of work by the war, he applied to the Post Office for temporary employment, and was apparently regarded as a highly-suitable candidate for one of the vacant jobs. His references were excellent, health good, and character unimpeachable, while his need was at least as pressing as that of other applicants who were accepted without question. One thing only was against him. At 47, he had lived two years too long. The age-limit proved inexorable, and, though eminently fitted for the public service, the poor fellow was sent empty away. At a time like this, the postal authorities should adopt some more intelligent form of discrimination than is furnished by their cast-iron *anno domini* rule.

"Dry" Clubs.

Are not the Licensing Benches in many instances exceeding their powers? In Luton, among other places, they have issued an edict ordering the clubs to *close* at certain hours. The word "close" is printed in extra large type. The Act states that "the supply and consumption of intoxicating liquor in any registered club in the area, shall be suspended while the Order is in operation, during such hours and subject to such conditions or exceptions (if any) as may be specified in the Order." Not a word about the club *closing*. The order of the Luton Licensing Bench is evidently *ultra vires*.

Trial by Water.

The papers reported the other day that the Kaiser, after inspecting the German trenches during the rainy weather, returned to his hut with wet feet. They did not, however, mention—as we have heard on more or less credible authority—that while his valet was changing his boots, his Majesty remarked, "I don't believe there's an atom of truth in that 'walking on the water' tale in the Bible!"

Hoot Hopkins.

We gather that, since the publication of our recent article, there has been a "slight disturbance" at "Father" Hopkins's German Camp at Alton, Hants, with the result that at least two of the genial parson's tame Teutons have been placed under more effective arrest than is possible at "The Abbey." We learn that the mutineers were escorted to the nearest police-station by a brace of constables, aided by the local Scoutmaster, and we tremble to think what might have happened had the revolt assumed more alarming proportions. It is to be hoped that the episode will arouse the military authorities to the peril of the situation, which can only be met by the establishment of a sufficient armed guard. Meanwhile, from later information, we are by no means certain that "Father" Hopkins is the sole author of this freakish scheme of "philanthropy," and we have good reason for believing that the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union are also contributing to the maintenance and comfort of these alien enemies of the King. British seamen, please note.

Ill-Timed Exactions.

The Wandsworth Borough Council, aided and abetted by the local Justices, have set a conspicuously bad example to other municipalities in the matter of the collection of rates. At the beginning of September they issued a big batch of summonses in respect of unpaid levies for the current quarter, expiring on the last day of that month. This in itself was a sufficiently arbitrary proceeding, and, in existing circumstances, we are more than surprised that the Magistrates should have authorised the issue of process before the expiry of the quarter. To make matters worse, each summons was accompanied by a demand for an extra shilling for "service"—that is, presumably, for the trouble of the collector in thrusting the offensive document into the letter boxes of the householder concerned. The Wandsworth Council have been conspicuously active in the organisation of measures of "relief," and one effect of their present action will be to create further scope for their high-souled charity. Such tactics are wholly unworthy of so large and important a Borough.

Gottschalk Must Go.

The controversy engendered by the retention of Herr Julius Gottschalk as Manager of the Northampton Corporation Tramways has entered upon a new phase. With almost complete unanimity, a crowded and enthusiastic meeting of Northampton citizens, recently gathered at the Town Hall, adopted a resolution "protesting against the continued employment of Mr. Gottschalk as Manager of the Municipal Tramways subsequent to the outbreak of the War, he, at the time, being an alien and a German subject." In view of Mr. Gottschalk's recent "naturalisation," described by one of the speakers as "a death-bed repentance," the meeting further resolved "that his subsequent action in obtaining naturalisation papers is not considered to affect the question or to modify his position." Should the Borough Council ignore these emphatic expressions of opinion, the ratepayers will have their remedy on November 1st.

Switzers All.

Though Germhun hotel managers and waiters are still visible and audible in the West End and other hotels and restaurants, the majority of them have been instructed to inform curious inquirers that they are Swiss. Never were there so many Swiss in the metropolis as to-day. The whole Germhun end of Switzerland has apparently left to settle in London.

Result of our No. 3 Football Contest. For winners see page 18.

Artful Art.

A lady reader furnishes us with an interesting example of German commercial enterprise. It consists of a strip of cardboard, five inches by less than two, which, she assures us, was the lid of a penny box of slate pencils "made in Germany." Into this tiny space pictorial art has contrived to pack enough historical detail to stir the heart of any loyal . riton to its depths. We are reminded of the dates of Trafalgar and Waterloo, while at either end of the picture the Union Jack and the Royal Standard are accurately portrayed. In the centre are alleged portraits of Nelson and Wellington, together with a picture of the *Victory* and a passable sketch of a gallant ı ritish charge. The whole thing, including Nelson's famous signal, is copyright in the name of a German firm. Of course it all sounds very funny now, but it was rattling good business, all the same. These clever artists should now be mixing their colours for further . ritish exploits. The Battle of the Marne will give them something to go on with.

The Menace of the Mines.

Despite the natural pre-occupation of our readers with matters arising out of the war, we continue to receive grave reports as to the conditions prevailing in certain important coal mines. So seriously is the situation regarded by several well-informed correspondents that they do not hesitate to prophesy an early repetition of the Senghenydd disaster. We have authority for stating that at one pit in the North of England the men are in a state of active disaffection, angered by the failure of the management to observe the simplest precautions for their safety. Many of them have already "downed tools," anxious, as they say, to get away "before the whole damned show falls in." It is noteworthy that, in every instance, the complainants exhibit an unqualified contempt for the Home Office Inspectors of Mines, who, as they assert, "have failed to do their duty." Our information is at Mr. McKenna's disposal.

A Relenting Creditor.

In a recent article, entitled "A Piteous Plaint," we made an appeal, on behalf of one of our readers, to the Manager of the Grand Hotel, Scarborough, from whom we have now received an interesting letter. It may be remembered that a "larder chef" formerly employed at the Hotel obtained a loan from the Manager upon the security of his "references"—without which he was afterwards unable to obtain employment elsewhere. In these circumstances, we ventured to suggest to the Manager that he should "stretch a point," forgoing his security and returning the documents to their owner. We are now happy to learn that he has adopted this generous course, although, at the time of writing, he has not obtained repayment of the loan. Our appeal was prompted solely by sympathy for the chef, and we had not the least intention of causing annoyance to the Manager, whom we thank for his courteous letter.

Watch, Ward, and Winter.

We have the word of the Prime Minister that a large number of huts are in course of erection for the housing of our troops in the winter. If there is not time to build all that are wanted—and, if we are to take care of our troops as efficiently as they are taking care of us, a great many *will* be wanted—such vehicles as pantechnicons and disused tramcars could be pressed into the service. The troops who guard our east and north-east coasts especially are in for a cold time of it during the long night watches. Most of them are little used to such rigors as they must necessarily endure if proper shelters are not provided for them. Whatever is done, therefore, should be done without delay.

Pernicious Peacemakers.

Not only in America are the peacemakers busy; they are also in our midst. A number of politicians and literary men have already constituted themselves into a cult for the purpose of influencing public opinion in the days of truce. Of the type is Mr. Arnold Lennett, who appears to think that Britain will have gained sufficient from an honourable war by making a ridiculous peace. Though he is not a humorist by trade, Mr. Lennett tells us that "it is vital to Great Britain's reputation that she should accept nothing, neither indemnity nor Colonies—not a single pound, not a single square mile." Germhuny ought to pay a few millions to Belgium and apologise for its ungentlemanly conduct to Europe, while we should disarm ourselves as a moral example. This is to be the grand conclusion to all the losses and agonies and iniquities the damnable League of the Huns has forced upon a peaceful Europe. We may have a little more to say to the peacemakers of Messrs. Cadbury's Fleet Street cocoa works by-and-by. At present we content ourselves with reminding Mr. Arnold Bennett that this war was not started as a stage farce and that it is not intended it shall end like one.

Weird Whispers.

What is this we hear? That the firm of Bract and Friedlander—now anglicised as Brock and George, but who will, according to the latest Order in Council, have to revert to their Teutonic names—have lately been in contract with the British Government for the supply of goods of Austrian manufacture. Further, that goods consigned to the firm from hostile territory have been captured by British cruisers and subsequently released upon payment of their value to the Treasury. Without vouching for the details of the circumstantial stories which have reached us, we are satisfied that they contain a substantial nucleus of truth, and we are amazed that an enemy firm should have enjoyed these exceptional boons by the courtesy of the King's Ministers. It is, of course, notorious that where Government contracts are concerned "kissing goes by favour," but at a time like this let us for decency's sake keep our "kissing" for our kith and kin.

Special Constables for Juries.

The Justices of Hedingham Petty Sessions have refused to relieve special constables from jury service. Of course, if Hedingham consists of a mere handful of men and a dog they may have to include Specials in order to carry on business, but otherwise we advise them to take a few spells of duty by way of correcting their impressions. To judge by the papers, we have suddenly become an extraordinarily moral country. The burglar has retired, the pickpocket has been converted, the footpad is living the higher life, the murderer is no more, and the drunkard has joined the pumpurians. But things are not always what they seem, and, from information received, we understand that Specials, as a rule, have quite enough to do, for nothing, to justify their being exempted from the jury box.

Trouble in Shoreditch.

There is considerable rumpus among politicians in Shoreditch. It is a common custom that a Councillor cannot tender for any contracts with the body upon which he serves, and the Shoreditch Guardians have passed a resolution to the same effect. This step appears to have offended the Mayor, Mr. H. Busby Bird, who has a few provision shops in the locality. He complained that he had been treated unfairly; whilst another Councillor also protested. We hear that the matter has also disturbed the serenity of the local Lodge of Freemasons It is all very mysterious. Where is "Bob" Sievier?

Now ready. "The 'John Bull' Portfolio of War Celebrities." 1/- net. Marvellous value. See page 19.

TWO TRAITORS WITHIN OUR GATES.

OUR DEMAND FOR A COURT MARTIAL.

The statement recently issued by the Home Office in reference to what is termed the Spy Peril did not come a day too soon, and although we must be permitted to smile at the complacency and self-satisfaction with which Mr. McKenna sets himself to disabuse the public mind of all anxiety, we freely acknowledge that we sleep a little easier in our beds. Only, why *will* these politicians keep telling us that for the past five years they have known all that was going on? Do not they see that such a boast condemns them for their inaction, and convicts them of gross deception towards the public? "It was clearly ascertained five or six years ago that the Germans were making great efforts to establish a system of espionage in this country." Was it really? Then why, during that period, have Ministers twice allowed the King, in opening Parliament, to assure the people that his relations with all foreign powers remained friendly? Why has the Kaiser been received here as an honoured guest? Why was he, quite recently, allowed to strut the quarter-deck of one of our newest warships in the uniform of a British admiral? Why was our First Lord permitted to fraternise with him in Berlin? And why were German officers invited to witness our naval and military manœuvres? Do not you see, dear Man-in-the-Street, what *we* were driving at in these columns, and on the platform, all the time? Do not you begin, at last, to realise the deep meaning of our weekly groan of despair—"Oh, for a Business Government"? But we will not embarrass the Home Secretary by criticism just now. We will accept his assurance that so far as the German Spy is concerned, the danger has gone. It is a great relief. May we never be disillusioned! And we can do with a respite from that anxiety; for, verily, there is trouble enough without it. We do not refer to what is going on in the bloody theatre of war. Our fate we have placed in the hands of the great God of Battles—and we shall soon emerge victorious. What we have in our mind is the *native* enemy of the King—the home-bred dastard who by voice and pen is encouraging the Berlin Butcher and his slaughtermen, endangering the neutrality of the non-combatant Powers, and, if it were possible, undermining the patriotism of our people. That he has succeeded in the first respect there can be no doubt; how far he has done so in the second, we shall never know; but, thank God! so far as the third is concerned, he is up against a tough proposition.

The Spirit of the Common People.

For let us, before discharging the ugly task which we have this week set ourselves, pause to note what, up to the present, has been the one definite gain to our country arising out of the war. We refer to what may be called, for want of a better phrase, the spirit of the common people. In the true sense—quite apart from the Parliamentary formula—King, Lords, and "Commons" have mustered in their might against the enemies of Britain. The solvent of battle has melted away the barriers of class distinction and dispelled the mists of sectional suspicion. From palace and tenement, from castle and cot, from college and workshop, the flower of Britain's manhood has marched forth to fight, strong in the unity of a common loyalty, and fired by the zeal of a single purpose. No man has stayed to pore over his pedigree. The youth of high degree quarters no arms save those of his King. To the lad of low estate, it is enough that he, too, by lawful heritage, is of real British blood, and that no chance of birth or fortune can rob him of his proud boast, *Civis Britannicus Sum*. And nothing, too, has been more striking than the restraint and forbearance of the general body of home-keeping citizens. The varied trials and misfortunes of war have been borne with a resignation and even with a patriotic cheerfulness which has amazed the world. And by none more nobly than the poor—who, naturally, have been hardest hit. The woman who remains behind to feed her bairns on a paltry pittance and to keep her "home" together against her husband's prayed-for return, needs as fine a type of courage as that which has sent her man into the firing line. Those were black weeks, at the beginning of the war, when, because someone in Whitehall had blundered, there was no money for the wives and children. And when the full story of that tragedy is told—as it may some day be our lot to tell it—many a poor, broken woman will be found to have fought odds as terrible as any at Charleroi or Mons, and to have earned the right to rank among the heroines of the war. Nor must we too readily condemn the men who have remained at home. A man who has stuck to his business is not necessarily a coward or a poltroon. Let each look to his own conscience. We cannot have "Business as Usual" without men to carry it on, nor can we leave all the work to the elderly or unfit. He who in counting-house, workshop, factory or store "sticks to his guns" and determines to see things through, no matter what the sacrifice, deserves something better than cheap sneers or white feathers. All honour to the lads in khaki; but before this war is over many a hero will go down, clad in fustian. The economic stress of the conflict has yet to be felt in its full intensity, and when it comes there will be no honoured casualty rolls for the victims. They will just drop silently at their posts, and be swept away! Such is the spirit of "the common people." There is nothing else quite like it in the world. It is a fighting asset of supreme value. It reinforces our troops, inspires the fleet, redoubles our island security, entrenches our commerce, fortifies our credit, cheers our Allies, mystifies our foes, and haunts the dreams of the Mad Kaiser. It is the priceless heritage which we have wrung from out the mighty past. Let us cherish it.

Two Traitors.

But, as against this glorious picture, we have to set another scene—repulsive, ghastly and unendur-

able. With the voice of Sect and Party silent; with Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson joining hands against the common foe; with Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour standing side by side; with Home Rulers singing the National Anthem; with men like Mr. Blatchford and Ben Tillett calling their comrades to arms—with the voice of the nation hushed in solemn awe, and its soul tortured by a sense of the awful responsibility resting on our race—into such an atmosphere as this enter two traitors to their King and country. In other days their heads would ere now have adorned a couple of pikes. We refer to Messrs. Keir Hardie and Ramsay Macdonald, Members of Parliament! As regards the elder criminal, we are not sure that a madhouse is not his proper place, for there have been evidences for years past of incipient insanity, fostered and encouraged by that overweening conceit which is one of its recognised symptoms. You should have seen him strutting through the lobbies of the House of Commons, as we have done—like an ancient rooster in a farmyard, with "deputations" of cackling "hens" leering at his leonine locks! He is the Smyth-Pigott of politics—its self-constituted Messiah.

The case of Macdonald is different. There are no flies on Ramsay. We watched him closely, in the House of Commons, for nearly seven years, scheming, scheming—always scheming; working his way from Secretary to Chairman of the Labour Party, and then, once in power, treating his men with callous contempt, and angling all the time for Government favour. A soured and disappointed political adventurer, he is now making a last bid for notoriety by entering into a criminal conspiracy with his fellow charlatan, Hardie, to discredit his country, in her hour of trial, in the eyes of humanity. And his latest scheme is an Association to make impossible, when the war is over, "the humiliation of the defeated nation"!

And both men deliberately shut their eyes to the facts now known to all the world. Ignoring the irrefutable evidence of the Kaiser's designs upon our Empire, they paint our ministers as steeped in infamy, and place the responsibility for all the bloodshed and suffering of the war upon Great Britain's shoulders! It is idle to reiterate that here, at home, they are negligible quantities in public life. The fact remains that they are both members of the British Parliament, and ex "leaders" of the grandiloquently named Labour Party. And the value of their words, *to the enemy*, has been incalculable. There is scarcely a German paper which has not printed their diatribes—whilst thousands of copies have been distributed in the United States and Italy. The German Chancellor adopts their language, and exclaims: "Behold the treacherous English! Out of their own mouths they stand condemned."

Thus is the magnificent patriotism of the nation insolently affronted! Thus is its undying resolve mocked and undermined! While a united people pile their dearest possessions upon the altar of sacrifice, these dastards scoff at their devotion, and deride their holiest aspirations. Rendering unctuous lip-service to the twin causes of civilisation and democracy, they have outraged the one and heaped contempt upon the other. [illegible] h a full sense of responsibility, we a[illegible] Ramsay Macdonald and James Keir Hardie at the bar of Public Opinion.

Our Indictment.

We charge these men that, being salaried representatives of the people, and members of the King's Parliament, they have:—

(*a*) Ignored and neglected their solemn duty to counsel and aid the people in an hour of desperate national peril.

(*b*) Vexed and obstructed the King's Ministers in their efforts for the defence of his realms and in their conduct of operations against his enemies.

(*c*) Aided and encouraged the King's enemies by open expressions of sympathy.

(*d*) Insulted and maligned the gallant Allies of Great Britain, linked with her in a common effort to rid Europe of the patent menace of Teutonic barbarism.

(*e*) Sought to sow disaffection among his Majesty's subjects by means of inflammatory speeches and seditious manifestoes.

(*f*) Libelled the British nation in the eyes of the enemy, thereby inspiring its troops with increased bitterness against the King and his subjects; and

(*g*) Endangered the neutrality of non-combatant States.

If these charges are proved, they will amply suffice to condemn both culprits to perpetual banishment from the public life of the nation—if not to a worse fate. But expulsion from Parliament is the least penalty with which we should be content.

From the outset of the war these two men have foully impugned the honour of Britain. While thousands of loyal subjects have been tortured by grave anxiety, harassed by threatened adversity—stricken by sore bereavement—these two feckless mountebanks have indulged in their devil's dance of treason. The march of our gallant troops to the scene of war has been mocked. The bloodiest atrocities of the devouring Huns have evoked no single protest from their treacherous lips. Their vituperation is reserved for the friends of Britain, while for her barbarous foes they have nothing but honeyed phrases and impious expressions of goodwill. The impression of disunion created by their reckless utterances may easily be a factor making for the prolongation of the war—and difficulty in settling the terms of peace. And whilst they are busy presenting the German "case," their German friends and associates man the enemy's guns. They are both old offenders. In India they have more than once stirred up sedition, afterwards beating a cowardly retreat, leaving their dupes to pay the lawful penalty. In the whole record of their public careers they can point to no personal achievement. Politically, they are cheats and impostors.

The Sentence.

Our demand is for the immediate trial of both men by *Court Martial* for High Treason. Failing that, nothing less than expulsion from Parliament will meet the case. The two traitors should be thrown out of the House by the Sergeant-at-Arms and his police. Failing even this modified punishment, however, there is yet another course. Both men should be suspended from the further service of the House—and deprived of their salaries—till the next election.

The rest may be left to us, and to the public. Our Empire is at war for all that it holds dear—and there is no place for traitors within its gates.

DRIVEN TO DEATH.

BARNET JURY'S SCATHING RIDER.

On the 12th of September last Miss Charlotte Alice Phipps, Superintendent Nurse of the Barnet Workhouse Infirmary, died from the effects of veronal poisoning, there being evidence to show that the drug was self-administered. A few days later the circumstances of her death were fully investigated by the local Coroner and a jury, and, after a great deal of evidence had been heard, a remarkable verdict was returned. The jury found :—

> That deceased committed suicide by veronal poisoning, while suffering from mental depression consequent upon worry, the result of undue interference by members of the House Committee of the Barnet Board of Guardians, who were incited thereto by their Chairman, who should be called upon to resign his membership.

It should be made clear that this scathing censure was directed, not to the Chairman of the Board, the Rev. H. S. Miles, but to Mr. F. Lucas, J.P., Vice-Chairman of the Board and Chairman of the House Committee. In arriving at their verdict the jury were materially assisted by a letter which the deceased had addressed to the Coroner on the eve of her unhappy death. The painful lucidity of this communication, and of others written at the same time, served to negative any suggestion of mental derangement. "In terror of death," as the lawyers say, Miss Phipps wrote :—

> I do not wish to give unnecessary trouble, so am writing to say I have taken veronal, grains 100. I think this should be enough to induce sleep from which there will be no awakening in this world. "Why have I done this?" will be asked. Because I have not the nerve or spirit left to take up a fresh appointment. For two years I have been subjected to persecution by F. Lucas, J.P., Vice-Chairman of the Board of Guardians. He has never lost an opportunity of insulting me, and I hope he will now be satisfied with his work. Apologising for any trouble I may be giving you.

It will be seen that this letter contained no details of the "persecution" which had made the life of the Superintendent Nurse unbearable, and the jury were reminded by the Coroner that it was their duty "to ascertain how far, in fact, the Board of Guardians or Mr. Lucas caused the condition of mind which induced the unfortunate woman to take veronal." There had, it appears, been frequent disagreements between Miss Phipps and the Board, and, shortly before her death, the woman had addressed a long letter to the Chairman in which she had severely criticised the administration of the Infirmary. We have space for only two brief extracts :—

> Insults, innuendoes, criticism, pin-pricking—even a charge almost amounting to theft being made by Mr. Clayton in the Boardroom—have been heaped upon me. . . . Would not some of you have shown temper working under these conditions?

The writer specifically charged Mr. Lucas with "persistent persecution," and proceeded :—

> Have the Guardians always shown tact? Have we ever had much consideration shown us? No, we are only "a lot of servants." . . . Have the Guardians ever thought of lack of proper accommodation, bedrooms being used day and night, badly cooked and served food, long hours of duty, no recreation, the unusual amount of infectious disease we have had to cope with?. . . I say it is unjust to lay the blame on me.

Miss Phipps pressed for an inquiry into the matters in dispute between herself and the House Committee, but the proposal was declined. Instead, she was invited to resign her post, but, for a time, she successfully resisted this grossly unfair suggestion. Ultimately, however, her resolution failed, and she tendered a "voluntary" resignation, to take effect from September 15th last, three days after her death. It was doubtless hoped that the circumstances leading up to her retirement might be successfully concealed from the public. A glowing testimonial to the qualities of the Superintendent Nurse was signed by the Chairman of the Guardians, and, at the inquest, its terms were warmly endorsed by Dr. B. H. Stewart, the Medical Officer of the Infirmary. It covers the period from March, 1912, to September, 1914.

Why, then, did the unhappy woman take her own life? The jury has laid the whole blame upon the shoulders of Mr. F. Lucas, J.P. What says he?

WHY WORRY?

WHAT LANDLORDS DARE NOT DO.

Unscrupulous landlords and their agents are resorting to all sorts of devices in the hope of defeating the emergency measures of the Government in regard to the payment of rent during the continuance of the war. In some instances they have wholly ignored the provisions of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, recently explained in these columns, illegally asserting claims which Parliament has formerly annulled or postponed. In these circumstances, we cannot too forcibly insist upon the central rule which, owing to recent amendments of the law, now governs the obligations of tenants. Epitomised in a phrase, it may thus be stated : For the period of the war, no householder may be ejected from his dwelling, nor may any distress be levied upon his goods, without the express sanction of a County Court Judge. As we have already said, the only exception to this rule is in the case of tenancies of an annual value of £50 or more, *commenced since August 4th*. In all other cases the County Court Judge will arbitrate between landlord and tenant, and where the householder's difficulties are traceable to the war, he will escape the normal consequences of his default.

The principle thus established is a simple one, but our correspondent suggests that in many instances it has not yet been mastered by those whom it most vitally concerns. A Reservist, now with his regiment at Dover, is laudably anxious for the welfare of his aged mother who, for some years past, has looked to him for support. Just before joining the Colours the good fellow was hurriedly married to the girl of his choice, and he now finds the united weight of his responsibilities a little more than he can comfortably bear. Like so many others, he can "manage all but the rent," and, in the hope of arriving at some reasonable accommodation, he recently approached the owner of a cottage at Shalford, which he formerly shared with his mother. In reply to a letter straightforwardly detailing his circumstances and appealing for a little consideration, he received this soulless screed :—

> Titchhouse Farm, Shalford,
>
> Dear Sir,—Yours to hand. I am very sorry you are leaving England for the Front. With regard to your mother, I must have the rent every week as I can let the cottage for 7s. a week and plenty of people want it. I hope you will make arrangements for the rent to be paid or your mother will have to leave.—Yours truly,
>
> H. Lintoll.

He appealed to us for advice. In restating the existing law for his comfort, we may be rendering a service to others vexed with similar anxieties. Meanwhile, we must keep an eye on Mr. Lintoll, to whom 7s. a week "certain" is evidently a mighty temptation. And why was he "very sorry" that a British lad had left for the Front? He may yet be very glad!

TRAPPING THE FLAT-TRAP.

NORMAN BARCLAY NICELY BAMBOOZLED.

One of our staff recently wrote Norman Barclay, of Walter House, Bedford Street, Strand, for a copy of his booklet "The Power that Rules the World," the purpose of which is to persuade impressionable readers to go in for a "Psychological Course" of instruction in "Personal Influence, Fascination, Magnetic Control, Hypnotism, Mental Healing and allied subjects," for a nominal fee of 20s. Detecting, as he anticipated, a striking resemblance between Norman Barclay's plausible trash and the humbugging literature disseminated by other well-known practitioners in the same line of business, our man wrote to the effect that, before proceeding further in the matter he would be glad to receive Norman Barclay's assurance that he was in no way connected with Hugh McKean, Elmer E. Knowles, or any other of the Yankee sharks who infest the country, operating from headquarters in the Westminster Bridge Road. The rest was silence. From which we conclude that he prefers to forego the prospect of further "bounce" rather than admit his connection with the Westminster Bridge Road gang. *Verb. sap.!*

"Bullets"—the best-judged Word Competition—with the best prizes.

A JAUNDICED JUDGMENT.

CHURLISH CONDUCT OF A "CHRISTIAN" COMMITTEE.

Steeped in the odour of sanctity, the Broadway Congregational Church Registered and Approved Society, Hammersmith, W., conducts a thriving business on ordinary "slate" club lines. A Chiswick reader, in full membership of the Society, recently fell ill, and, for a time, received the weekly sick benefit allowance to which he was entitled by the rules. Before he had fully recovered, however, he was favoured with the following letter from the Secretary of the concern :—

> Our visitor reports that he called at your house on Thursday evening last, and that you were out at 9 p.m. I should be glad of an explanation of this breach of rules.

Our correspondent assures us that he was in bed when the visitor called, and his mother, who kept house for him, had gone out upon a shopping errand. Failing to obtain an answer to his knock, the official had too hastily assumed that there was nobody at home. Such, at any rate, was the explanation tendered, in reply to the Secretary's letter, and as no previous breach of rules had, as far as we know, been alleged, it is somewhat surprising that the statement should have been questioned. The Committee, however, were not satisfied, and as soon as he was able to get about again, the member appeared before them to state his case in person. He could only reiterate his earlier plea, which he was now asked to "prove." This was grossly unfair, for where an offence is alleged, the burden of proof must in justice lie upon the party preferring the charge. Having insisted upon this simple rule of equity, the accused at length proposed to call his mother as a witness, but this course does not seem to have commended itself to his judges. After a few minutes' deliberation in private, the Committee proceeded to pass sentence of expulsion from the Society, though there was no evidence whatever beyond the fact that at 9 p.m. on a certain evening the visitor had knocked at the door and obtained no reply. Of this circumstance there was a full and sufficient explanation. Upon reflection the Committee seem to have appreciated this aspect of the affair, and a few days after the meeting they rather meanly shifted their ground, as will be seen from this further letter :—

> I am instructed to inform you that the Committee, by a unanimous resolution, have decided to expel you from the Society. This resolution was arrived at in consequence of your conduct on Friday last before the Committee.

The "conduct" complained of was a heated protest against the Committee's methods, and we are assured that it was not till sentence had been finally pronounced that the ejected permitted himself a certain freedom of expression. In any case, we hold that the punishment has been out of all proportion to the "crime." Upon the most trivial of pretexts a member has been robbed of his vested interest in the Society and of the whole benefit of his paid-up contributions. We notice that the Society enjoys the patronage of the Rev. J. G. Murray, presumably the Minister of the Broadway Congregational Church. Is this his notion of common justice, to say nothing of Christian charity?

THE EDITOR'S EPITAPH!

Amongst the many curious things which our recent war articles have led to is, as we said a fortnight ago, the idea that we have "got religion." One of our readers is so convinced of the fact that he has written this epitaph :—

SACRED
TO THE
MEMORY OF
THE GENUINE
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY,
WHO DIED AUG., 1914,
SMITTEN DOWN BY AN
ATTACK OF
"THEOLOGIA DEMENTIA"
(PARSON'S PIOUS PIFFLE),
CONTRACTED BY SWALLOWING
FULSOME-FLATTERY JAM
("BLACK ARMY" MANUFACTURE)
WITH WHICH HE SMEARED "HIS DAILY BREAD," WHICH
IMPEDED HIS CIRCULATION, AND CAUSED HIS DEMISE.
REGRETTED BY ALL WHO KNEW HIM.

RAYBURNS' RUSE.

"BULLION BUYERS'" BLARNEYING BUNKUM.

One of the most amazingly audacious documents we have ever seen is a circular issued by "I. Rayburn and Co., Bullion Buyers (Authorised by the Government to deal in Gold and Silver), 105, Market Street, Manchester." It starts :—

> The Government implores all her (*sic*) loyal subjects
> NOT TO HOARD GOLD.
> Has it ever occurred to you that by hoarding gold you are weakening Britain's resources and assisting her enemies? If you are in possession of Old Gold and Silver in any form or condition, also surplus Jewellery, kindly do not hoard the same, as old gold and silver can readily be turned into new gold or silver by Re-melting and Assaying. After these processes, it is then known as Bullion. This is at the present time eagerly sought after by the Treasury, who, in turn, transfer it to the Mint for ultimate coinage.
> Being Licensed or Authorised to Buy and Sell Gold and Silver, places us in a position of being
> ——Direct Agents for the Government.——
> There was never a more opportune time to dispose of such articles, or anything pertaining to Gold and Silver, as at the present, seeing that not only can you obtain the HIGHEST MARKET VALUE, but at the same time YOU WILL BE RENDERING A DIRECT GOOD SERVICE TO THE STATE.

The artfulness with which the words "direct agents for the Government" are made an outstanding feature of this skilful concoction (the safeguarding clause being practically lost) is worthy of more or less respectful admiration. Rayburns wind-up in a way suggestive of the tableau at the end of a patriotic review :—

> THE CRISIS—DO YOUR DUTY!
> Gold will play a prominent part in this War. During the Crisis the Government want as much Gold and Silver as can be procured.

It is, of course, all bunkum that the Government is countenancing any such trickery as that of Rayburns'. When they want gold and silver they purchase it in a dignified, straightforward manner, and we warn our readers not to be bamboozled by these so-called "bullion buyers." That they should have been capable of issuing such a "low down" circular is certainly not a good augury of satisfactory business transactions with them.

Besides, trinkets can better be sent to our Jumble Sale for the benefit of the dependents of the boys at the Front.

THE FIEND-KING'S GARTER.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y—*DOES*.

As stated in our Candid Epistle to the Garter King at Arms, the officials of the Order excuse their neglect to remove the names of the Imperial Germhuns from the roll of the Order of the Garter and chucking their banners out of the windows of the chapel at Windsor by saying that there is no precedent for such a step. Let us remind them of the case of Lord Cochrane, whose name was struck off the Navy List, who was expelled from the House of Lords, whose arms were taken down from his stall as Knight of the Bath, and whose banner was torn down and kicked ignominiously out of the Henry VII. Chapel in Westminster Abbey. The King is head of the Bath, as of the Garter, and the precedent is near enough. The Germhun Kaiser, the Crown Prince, and Prince Henry are either the German Huns—that is to say, the German fiends without honour, justice, or mercy—that we all assert and believe them to be, or we are a nation of hypocrites and liars. If they be, our Monarch and Knights of the Garter ought to be ashamed of association with such Imperial *canaille*, and from this it follows that their names, with or without precedent, should be removed from the roll. And whatever German Orders the King may have, let him give them up as well, lest one day sooner or later the chief Imperial Hun flings them in his Majesty's face. The Kaiser, unlike our King, stands apart from his Ministers. With his mailed fist and his clattering sword he is more responsible for this war than they, for he could have prevented it by a word, while for the ruthless atrocity, and rapine, and flame by which the Germhuns have waged it, his responsibility is all but absolute. And this Imperial beast of prey is to-day a Companion of the Most Noble and Honourable Order of the Garter!

The Belgian National Anthem. Words and music. See this week's "Mary Bull." Friday, 1d.

STIFLING OUR TRADE.

THE SUSPENSION OF GERMAN PATENTS.

That old enemy of commerce, the "Board of Trade," is up to its tricks again.

Early in August, amidst loud plaudits from the Press, the "Board" prepared and rushed through Parliament a Bill to enable them "to make rules under the Patents and Designs Act, 1907, and the Trade Marks Act, 1905." As the rules gave power to suspend the patents held by Germans and Austrians, the "Board's" action seemed likely to be the means of starting many new industries in this country.

But the trustful manufacturers who thought there was at last a chance of benefit from official action were doomed to a rude shock; they are meeting with strong official discouragement, and are, as the *Pharmaceutical Journal* mildly says, "finding that there are many things easier to obtain than a licence to work a German patent."

The Comptroller of Patents (Mr. Temple Franks) seems to be doing his utmost to render the Act a dead letter.

Amongst the first list of applicants for licences under the new rules were:—

> Messrs. Burroughs, Wellcome and Co. (who applied for the suspension of the aspirin, heroin, salvarsan, and other drug patents).
>
> Messrs. Scrubb and Co. (the ammonia firm—who applied for 4711 Eau de Cologne).
>
> Messrs. Callard, Stewart and Watt, Ltd. (who wished to manufacture Sanatogen).
>
> Messrs. Boulton-Marco and Co., Ltd. (in regard to Pebeco tooth paste).

Inquiries have recently been held in connection with these applications, and have revealed the interesting fact that our Comptroller of Patents is absolutely ignorant of modern business conditions. What is more, he would appear not yet to have realised that this country is in a state of war with Germany.

Throughout the hearing of the applications, Mr. Franks has offered no assistance or counsel or advantage to the English applicants, although the Act was presumably framed for their benefit. And although representatives of alien enemies are not permitted to appear before an English Court, Sir C. Dalton (who sat with Mr. Franks) asked plaintively, "You would not have us send a one-sided report to the Board of Trade, would you?" and allowed Mr. Colefax to appear for Messrs. J. von Wolfing and Son (the Sanatogen people), *who are at this moment fighting against the English.*

Perhaps Mr. Franks' attitude can be shown most clearly by a selection of the wise sayings which fell from his lips during the hearings:—

> "Cannot the product be sold under some other name (than Sanatogen)? *That would not be so prejudicial to the (German) owner.*"
>
> "Is it quite a British way of doing this—to take the property which an alien has built up?"
>
> "There would appear to be no urgency in this matter. It is not the object of the Act to confiscate German property." (Application postponed for three months.)
>
> "If you get permission to use the name Pebeco you will be reserving trade against the time when the war is over. *Would it not be better for British trade to cut it out by a new tooth paste of your own?*"
>
> "Why don't you advertise: 'Don't buy aspirin; buy acetyl-salicylic acid, which is exactly the same thing?'" (Any business man knows that this course is exactly the one most likely to make the public insist on aspirin more strongly than ever.)

All these observations show plainly the quality of the help manufacturers may expect from the Patent Office and the "Board" of Trade. Even in Russia the matter is being handled more effectively, the Czar having already *cancelled* all German and Austrian patents.

Is it too late for Mr. Franks to be informed that he is paid to *help* British manufacturers, not to hinder and delay them in every possible way?

How long, one wonders, would he (and his like) survive under the *regime* of a Business Government!

And, by the way, what business training had he before getting his important, and essentially commercial, appointment?

SAUCY SWANKERS.

PHOTO FIENDS AT SCARBOROUGH.

Twelve months ago a Scarborough lady gave Messrs. Armitage and Co., of Hull, an order for the enlargement of a small photo, and though the charge for the work was altogether excessive, she seems to have been fairly well satisfied with its execution. Not long since, the successful agent called again in the hope of securing a "repeat" order, but found that, despite his plausible palaver, there was "nothing doing." Not to be beaten, he invited the lady to entrust him with another photograph for enlargement, upon the understanding that "as she was a customer" the work should be done for nothing, and "by way of advertisement." To this alluring proposal our correspondent, at length, succumbed.

A few days later the fellow was back again, and this time, in the absence of the mother, he interviewed the son of the house. The good lady, he unblushingly declared, had agreed to pay 10s. 6d. for the enlargement, and, if the money were immediately forthcoming, the work would be completed without delay. Ignorant of the true circumstances, and remembering that the earlier portrait had pleased his mother, the young fellow parted with his half-guinea. In due course the enlargement came to hand. It was a travesty of portraiture, which would scarcely have been acceptable as a gift.

On the advice of her son, the lady at once wrote to Messrs. Armitage and Co., demanding the return of the half-guinea and threatening to "write to John Bull about it." In reply she received an illiterate farrago of irrelevant rubbish, from which we select a single extract which may possibly be of interest to our million or so of readers:—

> After receiving your letter of yesterday's date we are enabled to better understand with whom we have been dealing, when you state that you are a reader of John Bull, which paper is read only by the poor, ignorant, uneducated class.

After a few more benedictions upon this journal, the firm intimated that our correspondent's application for the return of her money had been "handed to their solicitors to be dealt with as its contents deserved." In response to a further demand, their tone was a trifle less exalted. They wrote:—

> In reply to your last communication we beg to inform you that the agent in question is at present in residence near York, but if you would desire to interview him we shall be pleased to furnish you with his address. More we cannot do.

It is the common practice of such firms to disclaim responsibility for the frauds of their canvassers, by which, however, they are not ashamed to profit. We strongly urge our readers to have nothing to do with these touting enlargement-mongers. Commissions of this kind are far better entrusted to a local photographer of repute. Meanwhile we reciprocate the compliments of Messrs. Armitage and Co., and assure them of our watchful interest in their peculiar modes of business.

HEXALL'S HANK.

A "CLOTHY" CADGER AND HIS CHILD-COLLECTORS.

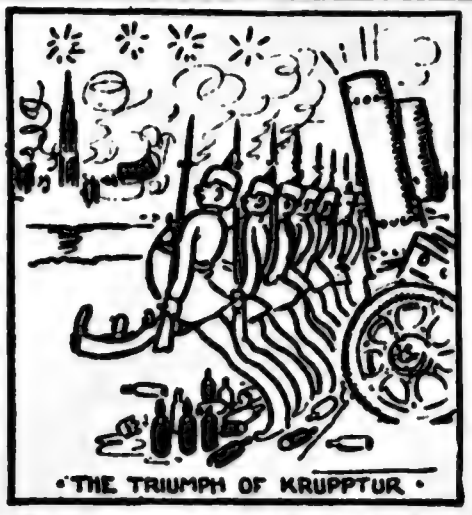
Pastor Hexall (who was connected with the "cloth" as a draper before embarking upon his present business) is obeying the scriptural injunction about going forth into the highways and byways, to the extent of sending out his deputies—poor crippled lads—on begging expeditions. One of them recently travelled so far from Hexall's institution, "Bethany," Kinver, Staffs., as Higher Tranmere. A resident with whom had thus been left a sample of the pastor's piteous plea for "mites," before responding—even to the extent of depositing a small portion of Gorgonzola in the envelope which was to be called for—asked our opinion of the *bona fides* of the "Home." We promptly told him that to give a donation to support "Bethany" would be to encourage Hexall in his present unsatisfactory system of account-keeping, the public who provide him with money being entitled to full knowledge of the way in which he disposes of the funds; whilst the sending round of lads on these "collecting" expeditions cannot but be an incitement to them to embark upon a career of mendicancy on their own account as soon as they are in a position to cease to do so for their "pastor and master."

Don't forget the Pen Coupon—cut it out *now*. See page 2 of Cover.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

Germans who thought we'd take on trust
Their *assumed* British names,
Now learn to their intense disgust
We've stopped their artful games.



To Germhun siege guns Antwerp falls,
And "Kultur" scores again;
But though their brief success appals,
Such triumphs "ll are vain

A Zeppelin at Dusseldorf
By British bombs is "busted";
Our aviators then fly off
And leave the Huns disgusted.

Fierce altercations with his Staff
And their unglossed complaints
Of the Crown Prince—the Bully's calf—
Upset Wilhelm, who faints.

The Queen forgets not Tommy's need
Of things to keep him warm,
And with them sends what is his meed—
Praise that is no mere form.

The crowds who football games attend
Are nothing to deplore—
They're troops on whom we may depend
When Kitchener wants more.

WILLIAMS AND LLOYD WORKING THE EAST.

INDIGNATION IN INDIA.

Not content with diddling their foolish fellow-countrymen, Williams and Lloyd—about whom we have often had son ething to say—are now working their wheeze on India's coral strand. As far back as last January an educated Bombay native, seeing the firm's advertisement in an Indian newspaper, was tempted to send them a 1s. postal order for a "free" watch. He received in return, not the expected timekeeper, but 48 paltry picture postcards, and a request either to sell them or keep them for himself, but on no account to fail to remit 4s. as well as an additional 1s. for packing and postage of the advertised watch. The Indian, being somewhat ignorant of Western guile, as practised by Williams and Lloyd, sent the money and waited, with the calm characteristic of the East, for the arrival of the desired watch. Did it come? Not a bit of it. But, instead, arrived a letter requesting him to send without delay 2s. 6d. for the "Beautiful Leatherette Case" in which the watch was to be despatched. With the charming confidence belonging only to an ancient civilisation, the Indian posted the half crown, and again sat him down in resignation to await the arrival of the longed for watch. That was over six months ago; and the last advice we had was to the effect that the Indian, with sublime patience, was sitting waiting yet. Meantime Williams and Lloyd are richer by 8s. 6d.

By the way, we believe that the name of the man running this trick is William Lloyd, and interesting tales of his origin and past life are reaching us. We shall be glad to have further information on these points.

"TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN."

A NEW VERSION.

Dedicated, with great respect, to Mr. Lloyd George's Recruiting Scheme in Wales.

Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a don;
Taffy came to John's house,
To see just what was on;
John, he was preparing
Soon to leave his home,
Taffy asked him, wondering,
"Whither do you roam?"

Johnny was an Englishman,
He said, "What I'm at
Is a little fighting,
With Sandy and with Pat;
Both of them are helping
For to fight the fray;
Can't stop here a-talking,
Taffy man, good day!"

Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a man,
"If that is your game," he said,
"I'll help you all I can;
Side by side with Johnny,
Taffy's out to win;
'Long o' Pat and Sandy—
Please count Taffy in!"

R. M.

£1,000 once again! New simple Football Contest this week. See page 27.

HELL WITH THE LID OFF.

THE WAR'S GRIM LESSONS.

By A. G. Hales.

[The following powerful word picture, from the pen of "Smiler" Hales, is the second of a series of war articles which we are publishing weekly for some time to come, each by a well-known writer. Last week Mr. Ben Tillett wrote on "Why the Workers Should Fight in this War."]

Etched in blood and tears, the war's grim lessons should last as long as our land endures. It is not a passing show, something to marvel at for a month and then to be consigned to the limbo of forgotten things. We have been very close to the crater of hell, hell with the lid off; not the nice picturesque Tophet portrayed for us Sabbath after Sabbath by preachers in search of cash wherewith to whitewash our sinful souls, but that terrible reality born of women's pain, childhood's bitter and mortal agony, and the misery, woe, want and death of enfulled age. Our best and boldest are falling on foreign soil in order that England may never know the shame and pain of invasion.

I thought of these things as I rode over the battlefield of Compiegne. My blood thrilled to the thought as I rode and tramped with the poor, brave, patient peasantry fleeing before the Junkers' savagery for shelter behind the forts of Paris. They knew what hell was and is, those old shaky men whose feet were in the twilight that shrouds the grave. The dear, sweet, toil-stained old women knew; so did the young mothers with babes sucking at their parched breasts. The proud Junkers, the aristocrats of Germany, acting under the orders of William the Assassin of Louvain, had taught them—as they and he would have taught you in England if the military machine of Germany had not gone wrong; as he and they may teach you yet if the tide of war turns in their favour.

Don't be Cocksure.

Your turn to suffer may come, though at the time of writing the back of Prussian power seems to be broken by the wonderful courage of England's sons and England's Allies. The tide of success may ebb; and if it does, God help England and its women, for the Kaiser and the Junker crew hate this country with the deep envenomed hate that can only be slaked by fire and sword. Here is a picture of what I saw on the roads of France—a picture that would have been painted on our English highways instead of on the level roads of France if Paris had fallen and the Kaiser's hosts had landed on our coasts. . . . I saw the fleeing people dragging themselves like crazed cattle on the white ribbon of a road that stretched between green fields and smiling orchards—women with bare feet, with hair unbound, often with scarce enough clothing to hide them from shame. To them the alarm had come in the still watches of the night—the rush of hoofs, the bursting of shells, the shouts and wild laughter of pillaging hordes, the reek of smoke, the blaze of homesteads—and they had fled with babies in their naked arms. What else could they do? Their strong men were in the battle line fighting for France, for liberty, for life and honour. The old women, their grey hair dropping around their faces like animal manes, were terrible in their unutterable desolation. All that made life worth living was lost to them; the hard won fruits of a life of toil thrown to the flames as bones are flung to dogs; the carefully kept household goods—worked for early and late, won only by thrift and sweat—all gone; their little orchards—planted tree by tree on their own plots of land after the long day's labour for a taskmaster was over—all broken, uprooted to make bivouac fires for men they had never wronged; their market gardens—won from the soil by moonlight labour—all trampled flat and given to the hoofs of horses; their daughters shamed, their strong sons bleeding for France. . . . They knew what hell was, and the tears they shed as they tottered on were tears of blood drawn by the hopeless anguish only the aged can know.

The Little Children.

Clinging to hard gnarled hands or to scanty skirts, the children kept pace with the fleeing multitude, their little bare feet pattering on the stony highway, their thin childish voices querulously asking why they fled: What had they done? Why had big, strong, loving brother Jean been given to the bayonet?—or Why had sunny haired Jacques been stood against the cottage wall to be shot by soldiers who beat the little mother back from her boy with clubbed rifles? Always it was Why?—Why? Why was Annette, the sister who had milked the cow and baked the good sweet bread, walking now with her hair all dishevelled, laughing and jibbing like some half-tamed animal, whilst neighbours held her arms and kept her on the road? Why did she always walk with her head half turned, her chin upon her shoulder? and Why did she struggle and try to leap across the fields to the shelter of the woods every time she fancied she heard a horse's hoof-beats on the road behind her? It was always Why? from the children; and the mothers, grown old in a night, had no answers to give. Some day the stern-lipped soldiers of France will answer those queries if they get the Kaiser and the Junkers within a circle of steel.

Dumb Mates in Misery.

Mingling with the poor human outcasts were the dumb mates of the poor. Here a starving dog, looking up into the miserable faces grown so suddenly grey and haggard. There a horse limping painfully, its shell-torn limbs quivering horribly from the pain of gaping wounds, licking with parched protruding tongue its dust grimed teeth. . . . Horses and dogs, they, too, seemed to echo the childish plaint, and with dumb eloquence ask—Why?

Now and again a little one, or a pregnant woman, stumbled blindly and fell by the wayside; or an old man, worn to the last gasp of endurance, sank down, chin on chest, asking only to be allowed to die there in the sunlight out of the reach of the kingly Kaiser's Christian mercy.

I saw those sights in France; it was the merest freak of fortune that you did not see them and endure them in England. The blow was planned, the hour was appointed, bayonet and bullet were ready—not for France and Belgium only, but for England; and when the war is ended you will know, even if you do not learn before, how near you were to this, the most hellish phase of war, and you will not be worthy of your heritage if you ever allow military despotism in any shape or form to shake the world to its foundations. The lives of men, the honour of women, the innocence of childhood, the rights of property, the sanctity of homes, must never again be at the mercy of the mailed hand; the world must be purged once and for all of these licensed bandits, even though it can only be purged by the blood of the best and boldest that come from the womb of woman.

Result of our No. 3 Football Contest. See page 18.

TEUTONIC TORTURE FOR "TOMMY."

AN UNEXPECTED "SCRAPE WITH THE GERMANS."

When he so spontaneously answered his country's call, "Tommy" was eager to have a scrape with the foe; but, as one of our brave soldiers has indignantly put it to us, the German "blade" he wanted to handle was the pilfering Crown Prince and his horde of blood-stained Huns. His feelings have, therefore, been much ruffled by his first acquaintance with German steel being made by means of the razor which was given him by our paternal—but somewhat obfuscated—War Office, the fearsome implement bearing all over it (both externally on the case as well as on the shank of weapon itself, as will be seen from the photographs) the "mark of the beast." By the name, a gentle touch of irony is added to the insult which is inflicted upon the unwilling victims of this sorry jest. We can quite understand that his Majesty the King *will* be "cross" when he hears of the action of the fat-headed official who is responsible. And it is not as though the authorities were compelled to take these accursed things. "Tommy," being a child of nature, uses another and even more strictly accurate adjective after he has made his first attempt at a shave, and succeeded in removing more skin than beard; for, to our own knowledge, almost an unlimited number of excellent razors, at cheap prices, can be obtained from Sheffield—one firm alone having recently offered the authorities 30,000—their tender being refused! It will be observed that, despite the swaggering way in which the fact that the razors are "German made" and are "forged and real hollow ground in Germany," is flaunted in the faces of our soldiers, the actual name of the manufacturers and their place of business is not disclosed. This, perhaps, is just as well—for them—for when our troops get across the border of the Fatherland, it is not at all unlikely that they would pay a special visit to the "place of origin" of these instruments of torture were they aware of its locality. The Army authorities should immediately call in all these cuticle-carvers and replace them with good honest razors of British manufacture. And, perhaps, they will tell us "who shall hang."

QUICK-CHANGE ARTISTS.

"ENGLISH, QUITE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW."

Until quite lately nobody suspected the Germhuns of possessing so many talents as quick-change artists. As an example of *ante bellum* and *post bellum* performance, take the strange case of "Lysol." Advertisements of this product now announce that it is "Made by a British firm with British Capital by British Labour from British Raw Material. No money for Alien Enemies"; which is excellent. But the combination colour label on the packet, obviously printed in Germhun type by Germhun printers on Germhun paper, announces that the product is "Manufactured by Schulke & Mayr, A. G., Hamburg," and that the *depot* for Great Britain and Ireland is Chas. Zimmermann and Co. (Chemicals), Ltd., St. Mary-at-Hill, London. Perhaps the labels now accord with the advertisements.

A MARRED MILITIA.

HOW PATRIOTISM IS KILLED.

In the movement for the enrolment of Special Constables the County of Buckinghamshire was to the fore, and from every town and village there came an admirable response. Many local residents of standing and influence devoted themselves whole-heartedly to the development of the scheme. Enthusiasm soon penetrated to the remotest hamlets, and, in the course of a few weeks, some thousands of men were enrolled. Care was taken that the scheme should in no way hinder recruiting for the Regular Army, and, for the most part, the members were men whose age or condition debarred them from fuller service. While awaiting specific instructions, they were paraded and drilled by officers of their own choosing, and in the course of these manœuvres their fitness for a variety of useful work was amply demonstrated. The plan was an excellent one, but we regret to learn that, like "the best-laid schemes of mice and men," it has already gone "agley."

For this disaster officialdom has been chiefly to blame. The Home Office has transferred the control to Major Otway Mayne, the Chief Constable of Buckinghamshire. This gentleman appears to have at once made an irreparable blunder. The prime organisers of the movement were wholly ignored. They were not even called into consultation, nor was there any attempt to interpret the wishes of the rank and file. Instead, commissions have been distributed among a group of titled pomposities and their satellites, scarcely one of whom enjoys the confidence of his command; or, we may add, any manifest fitness for his post. The consequences of this egregious procedure are already evident in declining enthusiasm and waning zeal. The spirit of voluntary co-operation and mutual goodwill, which was of the essence of the scheme, has given place to slumbering resentment and, in some districts, to active disaffection. Men who have volunteered for police service evince a not unreasonable aversion to the command of half-pay Army officers and landed squires, with whom they have no community of interest. Moreover, they are properly indignant at the slight put upon the promoters of the movement, men whom they had learned to trust and might easily have learned to obey. It is a thousand pities and a severe reflection upon the administrative capacity of the powers that be. Steps should at once be taken to repair their error, or, at least, to mitigate its worst consequences. Soon it will be too late, and a highly serviceable emergency force will have been sacrificed to official ineptitude.

"HELP THE BELGIANS."

DISCOURAGING THE EMPLOYMENT OF REFUGEES.

We recently referred to the formation of the Anglo-Belgium Commercial and Industrial Corporation, of Old Jewry, London, and warmly commended its support to our readers. We have now received from the Secretary the following remarkable letter:—

> One of the objects of this Corporation is to find employment for Belgian refugees in occupations not interfering with those of British workers. We already have the opportunity of placing about one hundred Belgian refugees desirous of earning their living.
>
> The Comte de Borchgrave, who is interesting himself in this matter for the benefit of his countrymen, applied on behalf of this Corporation to the War Refugees Committee in Aldwych for assistance in satisfying these demands, but has been met with a definite refusal to provide Belgians to fill the positions offering.
>
> The Comte de Borchgrave informs us that large numbers of the refugees desire employment, not only as a means of earning their living independently, but to enable them to forget as much as possible their colossal misfortunes.
>
> It is impossible to believe that either the Belgians themselves or the British public are desirous that the Committee should arrogate to itself the right to debar these Belgians from earning their living and likewise prevent British employers, whose workmen have joined the colours, from filling their vacancies with the only labour at present available.

Surely there must be a mistake somewhere. Perhaps the Committee will explain.

A wonderful Shillingsworth—"The 'John Bull' Portfolio of War Celebrities." See page 19.

NATIONAL PENNY BANK.

SERIOUS ALLEGATIONS TO BE PROBED BY THE OFFICIAL RECEIVER.

Before offering a few suggestions to the Official Receiver in regard to his investigation into the affairs of this Bank, we take the opportunity of answering several inquiries from readers, and of correcting some misapprehensions as to the position in which they are placed at the moment. Compulsory liquidation does not mean the compulsory realisation, at present or at any prices, of the assets of the Bank. The sale is to be conducted by the Trustees of the Bank on behalf, and under directions, of the Bank of England in the first instance, until the advances which that institution is making to depositors have been repaid with interest; but securities exceeding £5,000 in value are not to be sold except by direction of the Court. In the meanwhile, the Official Receiver will be placed in possession of sufficient funds by the Bank of England to enable him to pay out to each depositor 5s. in the £ on the balance standing to his credit at the time the Bank closed its doors. For the moment, we do not know when or how this distribution will be made; but depositors had better have their deposit books ready for production at his offices whenever he is prepared to pay out. As to any further distributions, these will depend upon the realisation of the assets, and this realisation will depend upon the state of the markets and the decision which may be arrived at by the Trustees, subject to the direction of the Bank of England and, as already stated, in certain events, of the Court of Chancery.

Points for the Official Receiver.

The following are some of the matters concerning the administration of the Bank which require elucidation by the Official Receiver:—

(1.) *As to its Title.*—The Bank was registered in 1875, under the title of "The National Penny Bank, Limited." It appealed for support principally to thrifty persons who were not overburdened with cash, and who were not well versed in the niceties of the English language. The use of the word "National," as many have told us, led them to believe that the Bank was a State institution, like the Post Office Savings' Bank, and that it had a Government guarantee behind it. Indeed, as we have already said, what else could they have believed, especially as its Rule No. III. distinctly stated that the directors were restricted to investments in Government or other securities in Great Britain or in British Colonies or dependencies, unless authorised by Special Resolution to invest in other securities? The point we have raised is of slight consequence; but we deal with it first, in order to enlist the sympathy of the Government for the smaller depositors, who should be paid out in full now—and a scheme to do this is, as we stated last week, in preparation—and, secondly, in order to insist that the indiscriminate use of the word "National," as part of the title of any joint-stock or other company, should be prohibited by law.

(2.) *The Investment of its Capital.*—It has been alleged upon oath (and has, so far as we are aware, not been denied) that the directors invested a large portion of the cash in foreign stocks and bonds—such as Chilian, Egyptian, Japanese, Mexican and Russian Government securities, and in railway debentures, ordinary and preference stocks, American gold bonds, American railroad sterling bonds, Argentine railway stock, shares in banking and discounting, brewery and distillery, gas and other commercial and industrial, as well as financial trust companies. It will be necessary to ascertain how far they were justified in doing so by the resolutions which were passed permitting this broadening out of powers which were specifically restricted in the first part of Rule III. It will also be necessary to ascertain whether—and, if so, to what extent—any of the directors of the Bank were themselves interested in any of the joint-stock companies in which they sank its money. It would also be interesting to know whether these resolutions were passed by the directors or by the Company in General Meeting, and in the latter event whether they were ever communicated to the depositors.

(3.) *The Balance-Sheets.*—It has been alleged on oath—and, so far as we can see, without denial—that for several years the balance-sheets of the Bank have been "dressed" in two ways. First, all the investments have been entered therein as "at cost," irrespective of the actual realisable value at the time. If this be so, then these balance-sheets were not "properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs." (We quote the terms of Section 113 of the Companies [Consolidation] Act, 1908.) Secondly, it has similarly been stated—and we have come across no denial of the allegation—that since 1908 at the end of each financial year the directors had obtained temporary cash advances of very considerable sums from the Bank of England for a few days, and neither shareholders nor depositors were informed of these loans obtained on the security of its investments—was this for the purpose of "strengthening" the balance-sheet?

(4.) *The Dividends.*—Until the run on the Bank in 1911, shareholders received regular dividends of 5 per cent. per annum, and had done so ever since the Bank was formed. If the allegations regarding the nature of the accounts be proved correct, questions as to whether these dividends—or any of them—were actually earned or paid out of capital will arise, and whether any of the officers of the company are liable to refund them, besides making good any losses sustained by those who dealt with the Bank in consequence of the statement of its finances as set out in the balance-sheets. In this connection, it should be noted that on November 8th, 1911, when a run on certain branches took place, the directors authorised the Central News Agency to state that there was "no occasion whatever for any alarm, as the depositors were amply secured."

(5.) *Dealing with Depositors.*—The Bank suspended business on August 1st. Many of our readers have written to say that, a day or two before it closed its doors, the Bank accepted deposits from them—one reader stating:—

> I am a widow and had £356 left to me. I was persuaded to put it in the Penny Bank and did so, and nine days after the Bank was closed.

The Secretary of a small Benefit Society writes:—

> We hold a voucher for £59 from the Bank, dated July 29th, for the withdrawal of that sum on August 1st. On July 31st, at 1 p.m., we paid into No. 5 Branch a cheque for £73 15s. 6d., and although the Rule No. 6 states that no credit is given for cheques until 14 days after, yet *on the next day* their doors were closed . . . but although business was suspended outwardly, inwardly they were busy, for they commandeered our cheque and took credit unto themselves for the cash.

And so on.

What have the directors to say on this point? Surely, they must have made up their minds some days before August 1st that the Bank could not keep its doors open, yet they permitted their branches to accept deposits the day before it closed them, and in the case of the correspondent just quoted, collected the money on the cheque which he deposited, after the Bank had publicly declared its bankruptcy!

Discouraging Thrift.

But even beyond the points which we have raised, the whole position of these "Banks" requires investigation, for unless something be done either to place them on an unassailable basis or to make the Post Office Savings' Bank more popular, the thrifty poor will be discouraged, or be enticed into entrusting their savings to "bucket-shop" keepers. We can hear the spendthrift jeering at those who have hoarded up their money in the National Penny Bank, to be plunged in dire distress owing to its collapse and the unconscionably long period that elapsed before the Government moved. Why was Mr. Lloyd George's intervention delayed until two months after the doors were closed? Why did not he write his letter in time to have it read at the meeting on September 11th, instead of penning it on the eve of the hearing of the applications on October 1st, when three K.C.s and nine juniors engaged themselves in wrangling about the costs of the petitions? Oh, for a ————!

FOLLOW THE RUSSIANS TO BERLIN

WITH THE AID OF A

BLACK CAT WAR MAP

and the 25 Coloured Flags, both of which are given for only 10 coupons, one of which is found in every packet of the **Lucky Black Cat Cigarettes.** As you change the position of the Russian flag day by day, and put the German flag a little further back, the newspapers become of living interest, and you can almost hear the booming of the guns and the march of the Huns in their hasty retreat.

And there's no guessing where to put the flags. This is not one of the ordinary maps of Europe masquerading as a War Map. It IS a War Map. Petrograd is there, Przemysl, Lemberg, Cracow, Breslau, all the places that have heard the firing of the guns are on this Map. You can't read a newspaper intelligently without it. It costs nothing—just 1d. for postage, just 10 coupons from

Black Cat
CIGARETTES

MILD, 10 for 3d.—MEDIUM, 10 for 2½d.

You cannot get better quality than the Lucky Black Cats. It doesn't take long for the average smoker to smoke 10 small packets of Cigarettes, and every packet contains a profit-sharing coupon.

Send your coupons, with penny stamp for postage, to :—

War Map, Black Cat Cigarettes, City Road, London

TO TOBACCONISTS.—A copy of the War Map, with flags, will be sent to any dealer applying on printed form and promising to display same.

WAR ON GERMAN TRADE

SCORES of things which previously came from Germany we can—and should—manufacture ourselves. German competition has ceased for the time being. We must take steps to ensure that it never again assumes the harmful importance that it did in the past.

"War on German Trade" shall be Britain's motto. We have to fight a fierce, unmerciful battle against the trade of our enemies. Just as in fighting with sword and gun, *training* is essential, so it is in industrial welfare.

If you are unable to go to the Front, here is a fair and square chance for you to make money.

Are you prepared to do your part in fighting for your country in her War on German Trade? Are you thoroughly trained and ready? If so, your salary will expand as trade expands.

If not, it is not difficult for you to obtain the training that will enable you to occupy a responsible position in the World of Work, a position in which you can render great service to your Country in her War on German Trade.

A Chance for YOU to Make Money

Twenty-three years of experience and experiment in Correspondence Training have enabled the International Correspondence Schools to place comprehensive knowledge at the disposal of their students in a form which is easy to understand, easy to remember, and easy to apply, and which costs little.

The I.C.S. Booklet which we will send you contains valuable practical advice on the chances and prospects for trained men in your own line of work, together with a full syllabus and specimen pages and illustrations of the I.C.S. Course best suited to your requirements, and a full account of what I.C.S. Correspondence Training really is, means, and has accomplished. Together with this Booklet the testimony of prominent public men and employers and of I.C.S. students to the practical and *profitable* nature of I.C.S. Training.

A Copy of the I.C.S. Booklet will be sent you FREE on request.

Drop a post-card, stating the subject in which you are interested, to—

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.,
140n, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.
(To avoid delay please use our full address.)

In Time of War Prepare for Peace

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To His Imperial Majesty Nicholas II., Czar of all the Russias.

Sire,—If I have not ere now craved leave to address you, it is not because I have been wanting in respect for Britain's newest Ally. With deep admiration, I have learned of the brilliant successes of your troops in the Eastern theatre of war, and, with no less satisfaction, of the marvellous loyalty and enthusiasm which has stirred the Russian people to newness of life. I have confidence that you will know how to direct this spirit into fruitful channels, so that, from the inspiration of war, there may come a mighty impulse of national regeneration. Already you have given substantial earnest of your good intentions. God save your Majesty! John Bull.

To the Lord Strachie, Paymaster-General, Whitehall, S.W.

Dear My Lord,—Complaints are being continually made of neglect in paying allowances to the wives of soldiers on active service. What the official answer to them may be I do not know, and I shall not pretend to guess. Having regard to one complaint—made by a woman to the Highgate Magistrate—perhaps you will be able to inform me whether you are opening and answering letters in time of war, or keeping them in stacks for the encouragement of cobwebs? Some big man once said that if one only kept letters long enough, they answered themselves. However that may be, the woman says that—though her husband has been in France for six weeks and she has written to you eight letters about her allowance, in one of them enclosing the birth certificate of her child—you have not condescended to reply to one of them or to return the certificate. Perhaps you are waiting until she sends along her birth-marks and a detailed description of how she does up her back hair? In any case, you know best how things are. I am only telling you what she says. Buck up, for goodness' sake!

John Bull.

To Henry Davies, Esq., C.B., Comptroller, Post Office Savings' Bank, London.

Dear Comptroller,—Far be it from me to interfere in the management of your shop. There is, however, a suggestion I wish to offer for your consideration, free of charge. I believe that, in the ordinary course of things, persons who have deposited £50 in the Post Office Savings' Bank may purchase stock to that amount, and then make further deposits subject to the prescribed limitations of the year. The Stock Exchange being closed, I am informed by a depositor that he is unable to purchase Government stock through the Bank, and is therefore compelled to keep his surplus cash under the bed, where his wife always looks for burglars, and makes him look for hair-pins. If he correctly appreciates the facts, I assume there must be a large number of thrifty people in a similar quandary concerning their treasure upon earth, and seeing that the Government can do with all the money it can get at 2½ per cent., would not it be worth while to extend the limits of deposits, waiving the rule as to the maximum of £50 in any one year? In due course, the straightening of the messed and muddled affairs of the National Penny Bank will release considerable sums seeking a safe home. If the money is worth having, why not cater for it? Better speak to the Chancellor of the Exchequer about the matter.

John Bull.

To Lieutenant-Commander Max Horton, Submarine E9.

Gallant Sir,—It is, perhaps, difficult for a civilian fully to appreciate the skill and daring which, twice since the commencement of the war, have enabled you to achieve feats of supreme distinction, but I yield to none in my admiration for the courage and hardihood which has conduced to your glorious success. I beg you to accept my sincere congratulations, and to convey to every member of your gallant crew my high sense of their bravery and prowess. Whatever your future fate, nothing can rob you of the laurels already won. The Empire is proud of you and of your trusty men. John Bull.

To the Vicar of Sevenoaks.

Saintly Sir,—As I believe you are an active leader in the Council of the Church of England Men's Society, Sevenoaks branch, I am addressing you with the object of resenting the imputation implied in the offensive and scandalous resolution of the Council over the signature of their Secretary. This resolution suggests to the Urban District Council that "during the present military occupation of the town" the "female inhabitants do not frequent the streets," except on Saturday nights, "after 8.30 p.m., at which time the curfew bell could be rung at St. Nicholas and St. John's Churches." What notice the Council will take of this resolution I do not know; what the inhabitants of Sevenoaks think of it I have no doubt whatever. There are at present in Sevenoaks about 400 British soldiers—men who will presently be fighting the battles of their country against the hordes of barbarian Germhuns who are seeking to enslave Europe in a military despotism of slaughter, rapine, and atrocity. They are soldiers trained to be ashamed of all acts which will sully the reputation of British arms; and I tell you this, sir—that the implication of the Council of the Church of England Men's Society, that where women and children are concerned British soldiers are as little to be trusted as Germhuns in Termonde and Louvain, is the foulest aspersion and the damnedest lie which could be uttered against them. What a proclamation! "The British soldier is in Sevenoaks. Let all women keep in doors after 8.30 at night to avoid insult and outrage. By order of the clergy and laymen of the C.E.M.S." What a story for the Germhun Lie Factory! And this from the holy bosom of Mother Church! I almost vomit to think of it. John Bull.

To A. H. Gillies, Esq., Late Headmaster, The College, Dulwich.

Dear Mr. Gillies,—Your remarkable contribution to peace literature has reached me. "Why," you ask, "should not France have Strasburg; Germany, German Austria; Russia, the Slavs; and Belgium be reinstated by a general subscription? Then everybody might begin to forget the past and try to be happy again." We have known, since Lord Brougham reminded us of the fact many years ago, that the schoolmaster is abroad, but if this is the best he can do for his country's cause, I really believe he had better stay at home. You miss out of your peace proposals a few essential items. You have forgotten to mention who is to have Germhuny; who is to have the Germhun African Colonies; who is to have the Kaiser, and whether he is to be shot, fried in fish oil, or sentenced to penal servitude for life; who is to collect the Germhun indemnity and how much it shall be; who is to be hanged for Louvain, Termonde, Malines, Rheims, Antwerp and other Germhun places of amusement and objects of Germhun sport; also several other little things which for the moment I have neither the space nor the time to mention as details of the bill. Do pray stick to your books, dear sir, and leave the business end of affairs to self and partners. John Bull.

To Mr. Thomas Atkins, Lodge Hill Camp, Chattenden.

My Dear Tommy,—I hear with great regret that the Officer Commanding the Medway Defences has intimated to every licensed victualler in the district that at no time and under no pretext is a soldier in uniform to be served. It is not for me to say what is in the mind of the Officer Commanding, but of two things, one; either he is afraid that you will disgrace the King's uniform by getting drunk in it, or, knowing that such uniform is at present your only wear, wishes entirely to cut off your communications with your fellow creatures. I am told—and I am not astounded to hear—that you regard the Order as an unmerited insult, an unwarrantable deprivation, and a tactless coercion. As a man who has left a good job, a good home, and possibly a good brand of whisky, to serve your country, it occurs to me that in subjecting you to the austere rigors of his compulsory pumpuritanism, the Officer Commanding is neither enhancing his prestige among the troops under his command nor increasing the popularity of the uniform they wear. Much more could I say, but for the time so much must serve.

John Bull.

P.S.—Any Order against you carrying a small flask in your back pocket?

More Cash for Football skill. Another £1,000 Prize this week. See page 27.

"WANTED!"

P.-C. JOHN BULL *(to KEIR HARDIE and RAMSAY MACDONALD)*: **"Your King and Country want you!"**

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

WE APPEAL FOR IMMEDIATE HELP FOR THE WIVES AND CHILDREN OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

It gives us pleasure to say that—thanks to the generous response of our readers to our appeal—we have been able to send immediate relief to many soldiers' wives who had been suffering acute distress. Space prevents our giving details of all these cases, but we select the following as typical. Each of them has received £2.

A widow, with six children, who has maintained herself partly by letting rooms, finds it impossible now to get boarders. She has lost the help her eldest son had been giving her, as he has joined the Colours, and she is entirely dependent upon a daughter's earnings of 8s. a week.

A woman, separated from her husband, has lost the support of a son who has gone to the War. As she has two young children to provide for, she wrote to the Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association, but has received nothing.

The mother of seven children, and expecting another, is getting the separation allowance, but saw no prospect of making proper provision for the new arrival until we came to the rescue.

A woman with four children has received no money, although her husband has been at the Front for five weeks, and she has naturally had to owe rent. On the 2nd the War Office told her that she would receive her money by the 5th, but up to the time of going to press she has had nothing but 4s. 6d. from the Prince of Wales' Fund—so our relief was most welcome.

An old woman of 68 was entirely dependent upon her seven sons, who are now, however, at the Front. She cannot obtain the separation allowance as she can get no reply to her letters to her boys, and the War Office will do nothing without written authority from them.

A young wife—she was married as recently as September 14th—is destitute, and is not entitled to the separation allowance. Her mother—who is very poor herself—does what little she can. We hope the money we have sent will "keep the wolf from the door" till the authorities widen the scope of their grant.

The wife of reservist—now home wounded—has only received £1 4s. 3d. (10s. of which was actually outdoor relief)—nothing from the War Office. There are three children—one but a few days old—so our assistance was timely.

The father of six children was, on September 1st, recalled to the Colours. He was glad to go, as besides "doing his little bit" he thought things would, with the Government allowance, be brighter at home, as he had been working only two days a week. However, although his papers were sent to Woolwich when he sailed for the Front on September 14th, nothing whatever has been received, except a few orders for groceries from the Families' Association. In this case, too, there will soon be another little mouth to feed.

A poor woman with seven children, her husband in the workhouse infirmary through rheumatism, had managed to keep things going with the aid of her eldest son. He, however, went to the Front six weeks ago. No money has yet been received from the War Office. A local committee, presided over by the Vicar, has lent them 15s., to be refunded when the son's pay is received, but they were destitute and without clothes when we sent them the £2 from our readers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following; will *you* send us something?

E. E., 2s.; S. I., 1s.; "Lancashire Lad in Scotland," £1; W. V. H., 4s. 6d.; "Englishman" (San Francisco), 1 dollar; F. H. T., parcel; B. G. H., parcel; "Anon," 2s. 6d.; "Omicron," 2s. 6d.; L. J., 5s.; "Slitrig Brig," 1s. 6d.; L. J. S., 1s.; E. P., 2s. 6d.; C. R., 2s. 6d.; "Rosa," 1s.; "Tipperary," 2s. 6d.; J. M., parcel; "Lanarkshire," 5s.; "Scots Lass," 2s. 6d.; "Mr. A.," 2s.; T. W., 5s.; "A Bluejacket," 5s.; H. W., 3s. 6d.; J. C. (Edinburgh), 10s.; "Wigan War Winner," 5s.; S. C., 5s.; E. N. E., 1s. 6d.; W. G. P., 1 dollar; K. P., 6d.; "P.C.'s Wife," (Somerset), 10s.; W. J. S., 5s.; "Kamo Mam," 2s. 6d.; J. L. M., 10s. 6d.; H. M., 10s. 6d.; H. E. F., 5s.; W. C. F., £1; G. S. S., 1s. 6d.; E. P. T., 5s.; H. L., 6d.; "Musselburgh," 1s.; L. A., £1; C. B. S., 5s.; W. F., 5s.; M. D., 1s.; H. T. R., 1s.; L. H., 2s.; "Lilac," 5s.; H. L. D., 10s.; R. W., 5s.; "Gunner," 3s.; "Cissie," 3s.; J. McK., 1s.; W. M. W., 6d.; "An Englishwoman," 10s.; C. N., 2s. 6d.; "Delta," 2s.; K. C., 5s.; "A Reader," 2s. 6d.; "Policeman and His Two Mates," 4s.; T. E., 2s.; "Dolphin," 2s.; Mrs. P., 1s.; J. H., 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Sympathiser," 4s.; "Anon," parcel; Mrs. H. (Warrington), parcel; "Anon," box of apples; J. F., 1s.; W. G. C., 5s.; E. N., 1s.; "Colin Haydn," 1s.; S. P. (Ipswich), 5s.; "An Old Reader" (Bryntirion), 5s.; "Inasmuch," 5s.; "A Member of Lord Kitchener's New Army," 10s.; "The Idiot," 4s.; E. B., 5s.; E. W., 4s.; P. M. and A. M., 10s.; J. B. S. (Cardiff), 2s.; M. D., 5s.; "A Sailor's Wife," 1s.; "Medically Unfit," 1s.; "Pru. Agent," 2s.; "Marion and Lily," 5s.; M. S., 2s. 6d.; "A Few Sympathisers" (Darlington), 5s.; F. B., 1s.; "Blacksmith," 10s.; "Anonymous" (Huddersfield), 2s. 6d.; "Uncle Vic.," 1 dollar; "Dublin Ulsterite," 10s.; "G." (Grangemouth), 5s.; A. M. B., 2s.; "E." (Swansea), 1s. 6d.; B. S., 1s.; E. M. (Gravesend), 3s.; E. A. L., 5s.; K. A., 2s. 6d.; M. D. S. (Bolton), 1s.; H. and M. R., 4s.; A. B., 5s.; G. E. C., 5s.; "Gerald and Lawrie L.," £1 1s.

We thank Mr. F. W. Randall (junior) for a donation of £3 10s., being the amount collected by him from soldiers and sailors on his premises at 28, Snargate Street, Dover.

Mrs. J. Lofthouse, the winner of the first prize in our 102nd "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

Mr. Adam M. Aitken, the winner of the first prize in our 103rd "Bullets" Competition, has also kindly sent us £5.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers, we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

London.—Mr. J. C. Dowdney, Messrs. Taplow and Co., Whitehall, Leytonstone Road, Stratford, 5s.; Mr. E. H. Westley, "Lord Lyndhurst," Lyndhurst Road, Peckham, 1s. 2d.; Mr. E. Underwood, "Bromley Arms," Fairfield Road, Bow, 1s.; Mr. A. H. Standbrook, "Old Clay Hall," Old Ford Road, 1s. 1d.; Mr. H. Arnold, "City of Canton," 2, Upper North Street, Poplar, 1s.; Mr. V. Wrigglesworth, "Aberfeldy," Poplar, 1s.; Mr. H. Lee, "Copenhagen," 183, Salmon's Lane, Limehouse, 2s.; Messrs. Mace, "Rainbow and Stone," 29, Leman Street, Aldgate, 2s. 6d.; Mr. E. C. Gilworth, "King's Arms," 337, Cable Street, Stepney, 1s.; Mr. A. J. Blowes, "The Colville," King's Road, Chelsea, 2s.; Mr. J. Cokestack, Professional Chauffeurs' Club, 165, Knightsbridge, 2s. 6½d.; Messrs. Bridge and Co., 48, Brompton Road, 1s.; Mr. H. Briggs, 50, Newington Green, N., 1s. 6d.; Mr. A. Roberts, "Carpenters Arms," 105, King's Cross Road, 1s. 7d.; Messrs. Cohen and Co., 446, Strand, 1s. 3d.; Mr. F. Vesco, "Carlisle Arms," 2, Bateman Street, 1s 0½d.; Mr E. Walters, "Carpenter's Arms," Catherine Street, Buckingham Gate, 1s. 9d.; Mr F. W. Weeks, "The Rose," 86, Fulham Road, 1s 6½d.; Mr. T. H. Rawlings, "Bessborough Arms," Bessborough Place, 1s. 8d.; Mr. J. Money, 28, Pimlico Road, 1s. 1d.; Mr. W. J. Gowing, "White Lion," Central Street, St. Luke's, 1s. 3½d.; Mr. H. Freits, 179, City Road, 1s. 3½d.; Mr. C. H. Elliwton, "King's Arms," Moreland Street, City Road, 1s. 5d.; Mrs. Marks, "Archduke Charles," Rodney Road, Walworth, 1s.; Mr. J. Bull, "Devonshire Arms," Avonmouth Street, Newington Causeway, 1s. 4½d.

Birmingham.—Mr. J. Lowe, "Baltic Inn," Hope Street, 3s. 4d.; Mr. A. J. Wilson, 56, New Hall Street, 2s.

Tynemouth.—Mr. E. Smith, "Gibraltar Rock Hotel," 1s 2d.; Mr. E. J. Brumwell, "Kendal House," 6s. 9½d.

Darlington.—Mr. E. A. Teasdale, 68, Clifton Road, 2s. 6d.

Aldershot.—Mr. F. Wigley, 109, High Street, 1s. 3d.

Leicester.—Mr. T. Fox, "Fish and Quart Hotel," Churchgate, 1s. 6d.

"HUMAN DOCUMENT" SUBSCRIPTION.

We have received the following, which we have duly forwarded to the subject of the "Human Document" named:—

355.—"Mumkin," £1.

Result of our No. 3 Football Contest. See page 18.

"C.B."

EESI-FLEX CORSETS

are

BRITISH MADE

by

BRITISH LABOUR.

PRICE
5/11
PER PAIR.

Model 9172. It is beautifully constructed with low bust and deep hips. In fine White or French Grey Coutil, bound Satin and trimmed Galon Embroidery, completed by four very reliable Rubber Grip Hose Supporters.

These Corsets, which are undoubtedly the value Models of to-day, are without question British to the core. They are constructed in the "C.B." Factories at Bath, Portsmouth, Oldland Common, Portsea, Bristol, Southsea, and Victoria Buildings, Golden Lane, London, E.C., and the Coutil from which they are made is manufactured in Lancashire.

THINK

There is British labour (mostly female) to be kept going in all the factories, to say nothing of the Coutil Mills of Lancashire. Therefore don't buy any Corset which is not guaranteed to be made in this country.

We illustrate what is undoubtedly the greatest corset bargain that has ever been offered to the public—a type of the very finest grade, which has every possible new feature embodied in its building.

It is impossible to surpass the perfect fit and graceful style of the new "C.B," Eesi-Flex Models, which are sensibly priced from 2/11½ to 13/11 per pair.

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"EVENTHES, LONDON."

WAR "NEWS."

THE PRESENT SITUATION.

(The following despatch, from the pen of a brilliant military correspondent of one of our bright little halfpenny contemporaries, has reached this office in mistake.)

In order to understand what is taking place now that all news of every kind is being so rigorously censored, it is necessarily difficult to avoid reviewing what has taken place in the light of what may or may not happen in the near future, if not before.

It will be recalled that the Press Bureau announced on Tuesday last that no news had been received from the British Headquarters. This fact, together with the announcement from Bordeaux that the General Staff had sent no information, leads us to one of two possible conclusions.

The first of these, put bluntly and without undue verbiage, is that the Allied Armies have in some way, at present unexplained, but of which the Government has, in all probability, full details, which at the present juncture it would be extremely unwise to publish.

So much for the first. The second conclusion is a little involved and may seem to the stay-at-home critic somewhat far-fetched. The Allied Armies have on the West wing occupied Gnowehr, while the Germans are entrenched at the neighbouring village of Quinsy-le-Tonsille, about twenty-five miles west of Rethell, and rather more east of Przchyscmysl, the capital of the province of Zczlmikc. If this is correct, and by the time this is in print it may be so, it will be obvious that the positions of both the Allies and the Germans is serious.

This outline of recent events, which until we have further details must only be accepted with reserve, brings us to what we believe may or may not be the present situation. It may be, as has been suggested by the able correspondent of the—(censored)—at—(censored)—that the Germans are endeavouring to defeat the Allied Armies. Should this prove to be the case, and at the moment of writing it looks plausible, they will either persist in their impious design or they will not prevail.

In my opinion it is quite impossible to exaggerate the importance of these facts, and all we can do until they are proved correct, is to await developments.

Even at the moment of writing a battle is imminent.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 3.

Nobody succeeded in correctly forecasting the results of all the matches given on the coupon. That can scarcely be wondered at because of some strange results. The following 7 competitors each sent a coupon showing 4 errors, and so share the £100 Consolation Prize, each receiving £14 6s.

Bell, L., Newlands, Ashley Road, Thames Ditton.
Perry, Wm. E., 17, Parliament Street, Newhall, Burton-on-Trent.
Potter, James, 83, Donnington Road, Reading.
Stebbing, G., Grocer, Harwich Road, Colchester.
Shepherd, W. G., 5, The Dunns, Mumbles, Swansea.
Williams, Mrs. E., 47, Flaxman Terrace, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.
Woodward, J., 52, Albany Road, Chislehurst.

The following 11 competitors sent in *Mary Bull* mauve coupons showing 5 errors, and so share the £25 Prize, each receiving £2 5s. 6d.

Bauchop, Mrs. W., Fairfield Sauchie, Alloa, N.B.
Brockbank, H., 31, Penrith Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
Baxter, Mrs. C. H., 3, Brettenham Road, Walthamstow.
Calvert, Miss A., 236, Lever Street, Bolton.
Camden, George, 10, Station Terrace, Cardiff.
Ellis, M a., 50, Banstead Terrace, Leeds.
Gillen, Miss S., 6, Edward Street, Cardiff.
Pownall, W., 83, Ponsonby Street, Liverpool.
Page, H., 36, Strutt Street, Derby.
Seal, E. A., 61, London Road, Wembley.
Scorey, Mrs., 38, Pembury Road, Tottenham, N.

The BRITISH FIELD HOSPITAL for BELGIUM.
BELGIAN RED CROSS.
Under the Patronage of
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.
Chairman of Committee—Rev. W. F Cobb, D. .
HON. TREASURER—Col The O' orman, 41, Hertford-street, Mayfair, W.
HON. SEC.—The Lady Helena Acland-Ho d, 46 Burton-court Chelsea, S.W.
MEDICAL OFFICER—Dr. J. Hartnell-Beavis H. S. Soutter M.A., M.Ch. Oxon. F.R.C.S. And a further staff of Six House Surgeons Six Dressers and Twenty one Nurses.

The Hospital is at present working in Antwerp under the auspices of the Belgian Red Cross Society; it maintains a staff of fully qualified doctors and nurses and is in charge of a hospital in Antwerp containing 150 beds. It has already done work which is officially appreciated in Antwerp. The President of the Red Cross Society writes as follows:

"Je déclare que le British Field Hospital rend à la Croix Rouge d'Anvers de signalés services, et je recommande vivement cette institution à la générosité de la sympathique population Anglaise."—Agréez, etc., Le Délégué Général près du Gouverneur Militaire de la Place.
Septembre 24, 1914. (Signed) J. van Langenmersch."

As the working of this Hospital is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions, the Committee make an earnest appeal for a sum of Ten Thousand Pounds.

SUBSCRIPTIONS will be gratefully received, and should be sent either to the Hon. Treasurer or the Hon. Secretary or to the Manager of The London County and Westminster Bank, 8 Cam-square S W. All cheques or money orders should be specially crossed "British Field Hospital for Belgium."

Any contributions in kind to be sent to 21, Suffolk-street, Cockspur street Pall Mall.

NO INCREASE IN THE PRICE OF 1½
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CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS
SOLD BY ALL BRITISH CHEMISTS

Now Ready!

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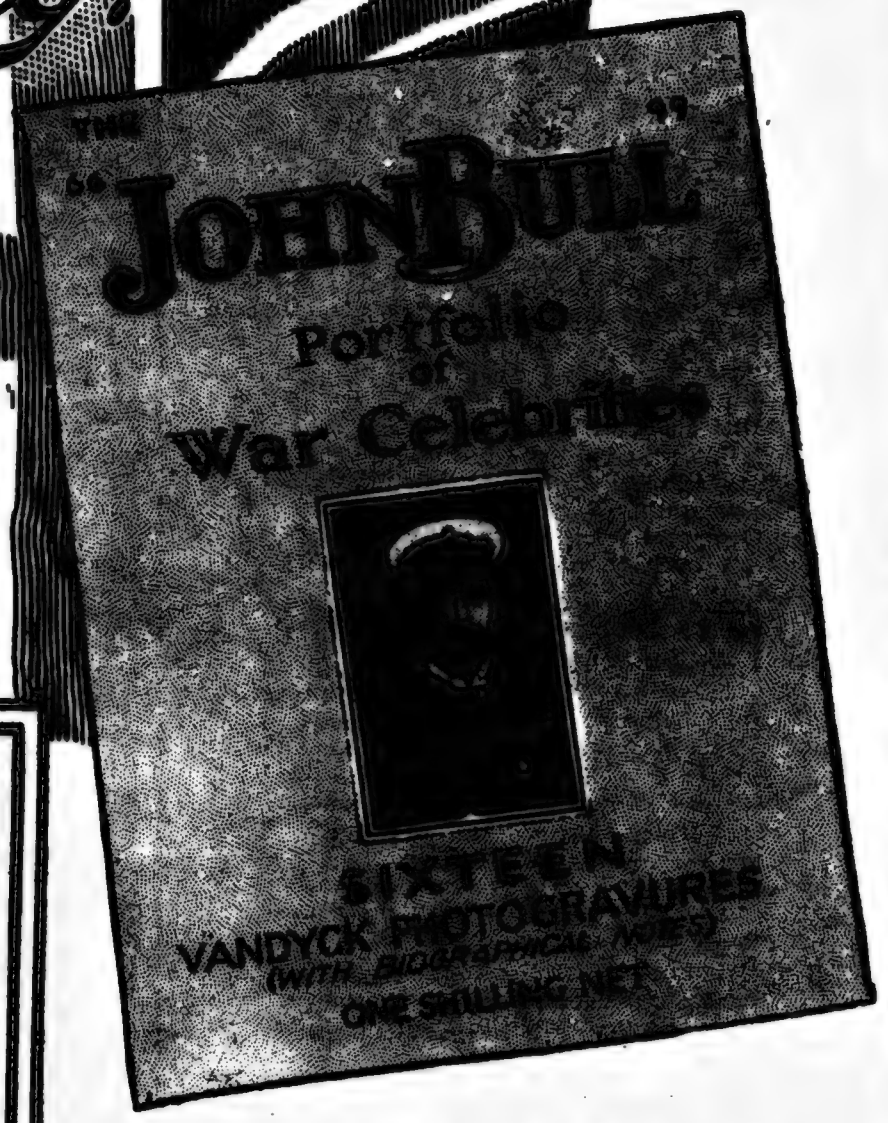

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SIR JOHN FRENCH.
EARL ROBERTS.
SIR IAN HAMILTON.
SIR H. SMITH-DORRIEN.
GENERAL JOFFRE.
GENERAL PAU
SIR J. JELLICOE
ADMIRAL BEATTY.
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Value at least 5/-

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JOHN BULL'S VARIETY TURNS.

LOOT!

Sung with immense success by the CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

I do nod like der rattle
Of der mitrailleuse in battle,
Vich shoots us down like cattle
In der fray;
Ven I 'ear idt coming nearer
Life at vonce seems some'ow dearer,
'Und I feel inglind to "clear,"-a-
Nudder vay!

Bud mine fader, who's der Kaiser, 's
Vot you call an "early riser,"
Und he'd gif me a "surpriser"
If I did!
Fer 'e dinks idt is 'is mission
To imbrove 'is vorld-bosition—
Zo I do (for 'is ambition)
As I'm bid!

Bud I'd scoot, scoot, scoot,
If idt vasn't for der loot,
Und dake me to a goundry vere idt's zafe!
Bud der tings I'm daily sdealing
Overgome mine nervous feeling,
Und are maging me gombaratively brafe!

Ven mine gallant droops are fighding,
Or, as zomedimes 'appens, 'iding,
I am busily dividing
Up der sboil,
All der nizest dings gollecting,
Und der best of all selecting
For mine bersonal brodecting—
Bleasant toil!

Und if zomedimes dere's disputing
Mit mine officers ven looting,
Idt is bedder far dan shooting—
Zafer, too!
Vrom vich zentiment you'll gader
Dat, unlike mine vamous fader,
I know mine vay—vell, rader!—
Vot zay you?

Bud I'd scoot, scoot, scoot,
If idt vasn't vor der loot,
Und zeek mine fortune in zome land afar!
Bud since deeds like I've gommitted
By der Kaiser are permitted,
I vill overgome mine terror of der var!

If you only saw der vagons
Filled mit silver cups und flagons,
Dot are vinding 'ome like dragons
To mine schloss—
If you only saw der pictures
Und der jewels, und der fixtures
From French chateaux—vell, your strictures
Mighd be cross;

You mighd say, a Prince who acts so
To der beople he's attacked so
Mitout reason, should be smacked so,
Mit der hand;
Bud ve Shermans haf no feeling
Like der Englisch against sdealing—
I'm a Sherman trait revealing;
Onderstand?

Bud I'd scoot, scoot, scoot,
If idt vasn't for der loot—
For safety I vould run, you may depend;
Yah, if loot vas nod permitted,
I vould long ago 'ave flitted,
Bud now I dink I'll stick idt to der end.
Yes, now I dink I'll stick idt,
For to flee vould nod be cricket,
Und mighd earn for me a coward's ill repute:
Bud ven der var is over,
Like a Sherman pig in clover
I vill live in beace surrounded mit my loot!

W. M.

A Cup-Tie Final on your Table!

The greatest and most exciting British-Parlour Game ever offered to the Public. All the thrills, all the "touch and go," all the breathless interest of the real thing. Everyone—young and old alike—will be playing it "for all they're worth" this winter. No previous knowledge of football needed and any number of players may join in—the more the merrier.

Made in Britain by Britons.

The game-set includes 64 teams, 40 score numbers, 6 score sheets and full instructions, set out so clearly that a child can understand them. Never was there such a game for dispelling the "blues"—never was there such a time for it as now!

THE FOOTBALL CUP-TIE GAME

All complete, handsomely packed in box measuring 11 by 9 inches—a joy for years. Send at once and start to liven things up right away.

The Football Cup-Tie Game can be had of all dealers, price

1/9

If any difficulty in obtaining, it will be sent direct by post for 2s.

THE BRITISH INDOOR GAMES CO.,
Dept. J.B.), 97, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

About "Linwool"

¶ "Linwool" is the ideal underwear for men. It is made of pure wool and linen, interwoven in just the right proportions. The wool is outside for warmth and the linen inside for comfort.

¶ We'd like you to understand thoroughly the "Linwool" principle—we'll gladly post you patterns free. Chest measurements 34 to 44 inches, waist sizes 32 to 44 inches Men's Pants or Vests, usually 9/6 a garment; NOW 3/11

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HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE QUICK CHANGE ARTIST.

Small Tradesman: 'Ello, Mister Smith, 'ow's trade, an' 'ow's yore people gittin' on art there?

German Baker (*sourly*): I am nod Mister Smit any more, drade is ver bad, und, led me dell you, I haf no beobles ofer dere, as you gall idt!

Small Tradesman (*assuming mild surprise*): Not Mister Smith any more! Wotjer mean? Didn' cher change it ter that with a Deed Pole, or suthink, erbart a month ago? "Dirty Deed Pole," I called it et the time.

German Baker (*impatiently*): You know all abound der Deed Poll ass vell ass I You dry to pull mine leg.

Small Tradesman (*with childlike innocence*): 'Ow ah'd I know enythink erbart it? I ain't a lawyer. I'm jest a strugglin' shopkeeper, as *you* know well enuff—fur it 'as bin a 'ell of a struggle fur me since you opened in the neighbour'ood—erbart eighteen months ago, wosn't it?

German Baker (*with an inscrutable smile*): Of gourse.

Small Tradesman: But wot's this 'ere erbart your Deed Pole—wot's 'appened to it—an' w'y aincher goin' on callin' yerself Smith? Din' cher 'ave yer noo name painted up ever yer shop, an' on yer vans an' trucks?

German Baker (*savagely*): I dell you you know all aboud idt! You veesh me to talk vor der beneveet off der oder bassengers, beygourse I 'aff a leedle Sherman plood in mine veins, don'd idt?

Small Tradesman (*slightly louder*): They ain't lis'nin' —they're orl readin' Wore Noos. 'Ere, I'm sorry to 'ear you're anæmic.

German Baker: Anæmic! Vat, me? Nod much! I 'aff eat doo mudge goodt Sherman sausage and drunk too mudge goodt Sherman beer vor dot.

Small Tradesman: W'y, didn' chew say you 'ad a little German blood in yore veins? Well, as thet's the on'y sort chew've got, it stands ter reason you must be anæmic, don't it?

German Baker (*with a furious gesture*): You dalk a voolish, lige der Eenglisch vool dot you are!

Small Tradesman (*deprecatingly*): 'Ere, ease the lid a bit,! A Britisher in 'is own country don't quite cotton ter bein' called a fool by a blarsted alien, w'ether 'e calls 'isself Smith or Schmidt. It's liable ter git 'is rag art. 'E knows 'e's bin a dashed fool in the parst w'ere furriners are concerned, but 'is eyes is openin' nar. Look wot the Guv'ment's doin'.

German Baker (*savagely*): Ah, you know, do you, 'ow I 'aff to change mine name back to Schmidt after baying der fees vor der Deed Poll to your dirty lawyers? Donnerwetter, idt is der limid! Dere I 'aff all mine carts und dings to 'aff bainted vunce more, ass you zay. Und I am nod an alien, I am naturalized since elefen year!

Small Tradesman (*sarcastically*): Yes, on paper. Wot's thet? 'Aven't chew embloyed dirty German scum in your bake'ouse orl erlong, at sweatin' wages? You may be a nachralized Britisher, but chew've acted like a Germ-hun, es good ole Bottomley calls yer, orl ther time.

German Baker (*flourishing his hands despairingly*): Bud I haf an Eenglisch vife! Vat aboud dot?

Small Tradesman: Worse injury you've ever did 'er—you've made 'er 'arf a German, or Gerwoman. If you wos 'arf a man you'd let 'er divorce yer. It's the least you can do.

German Baker (*striking the seat*): Shud up, vill you, I say? You vill mäag me mad!

Small Tradesman (*enjoying a long-delayed triumph*): Git art, you're mad already—all ther lot of yer, from the Kayser dow'ards. You've bossed an' bullied us Britishers long enuff. *Now we're goin' ter show yer!* Not on'y "French's contemptible little Army," Mister Bloomin' Schmidt, but us British tradesmen as well. So look art, or git art! *I* git art 'ere eny'ow.

A pastime which can be highly recommended as an antidote to the anxiety which naturally besets everyone at a time such as this, is the new "Football Cup Tie Game," which has just been placed upon the market by the British Indoor Games Co. It is entirely British made and designed, and may be participated in by any number of players. By an ingenious system of scoring, "home" and "away" teams secure advantages corresponding with those in actual football competitions, while there is sufficient of the element of chance to make the play fascinating.

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You take a drug to stop pain, and it can only stop it by stupefying the nerves. When the stupor passes off, the pain comes back, and you have to take the drug again. Every dose weakens your nerves. If your stomach fails to work properly, from lack of strength, you force it to act by powerful stimulants. That ruins your stomach in a short time. The same applies to other organs.

Electricity gives nourishment, strength to the body. If your stomach is weak, give it electricity, which will enable it to do its work properly. If you have a pain, remove it for ever by giving electricity to the part that causes pain. If your nerves are weak give them electricity, which is nerve food, nerve life. No pain or weakness can resist electricity.

The "Ajax" battery does this. It saturates the nerves with electric life, and they carry the force to every organ and tissue of the body, giving health and strength to every part. It is a good battery (not an electric belt), and never needs charging, for it makes its own power.

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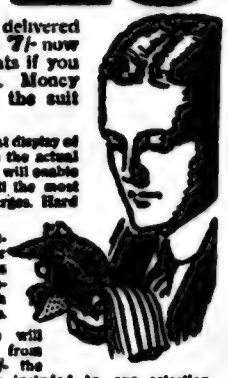

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HIGHFIELD (100 to 8) for the Rous Plate at Doncaster.
LUTEA (8 to 1) for the Mile Nursery Handicap at Alexandra Park.
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Whilst subscribers to our

SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE
SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE

from

Alexandra Park on Saturday

(October 3rd) received

SCREAMER, 10 to 1 agst, WON.
SCREAMER, 10 to 1 agst, WON.
SCREAMER, 10 to 1 agst, WON.
SCREAMER, 10 to 1 agst, WON.

ANOTHER "GEM" for NEWMARKET!

The usual price of the Editor's Primus Wire is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS, but in order to relieve the anxieties of sportsmen whose balance is on the wrong side, the Editor will again send his

SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE
from
Newmarket on Friday
upon receipt of
FIVE POUNDS.

The usual charge for the SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS PER MESSAGE. In no circumstances whatever is more than one selection ever mentioned on this message, and the following is a list of recent wires :—

July 10.—**DESOLATION**, 10 to 1 agst	...	Won
July 15.—**SANDUSKY**, 7 to 1 agst ...	...	Won
July 18.—**REDFERN**, 2 to 1 agst ...	...	Won
July 21.—**ONEIDA II.**, 6 to 1 agst ...	...	Won
July 24.—**LIGHT BRIGADE**, 7 to 2 agst	...	Won
Aug. 29.—**HOUNAM**, evens	...	Won
Sept. 5.—**WILLBROOK**, 5 to 4 agst	...	Won
Sept. 18.—**LAMPLUGH**, 100 to 12 agst	...	Won
Sept. 30.—**CLAIRVOYANTE**, 5 to 1 agst		Won, D.H.
Oct. 3.—**SCREAMER**, 10 to 1 agst ...	...	Won

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[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"A SUBSCRIBER" and OTHERS.—We are not at present reprinting any of our War articles in pamphlet form, but *may* reproduce them all together later on.

REV. G. S. H. (S. Norwood).—We certainly do fall foul of the intercessions drawn up "on behalf of his Majesty's Naval and Military Forces now engaged in War." Do not they come under the category of "vain repetitions" which the Scriptures condemn? *All* State authorised prayers must necessarily do so. The same applies to the petitions now being put up by the German churches. When *we* say "God Save the King" it is a personal and spontaneous appeal—not a conventional act of piety enjoined by the State Church; consequently we refute the charge of inconsistency.

G. W. (Southwick) sends us a photo, cut from the *Daily Mirror*, of Mr. Churchill, standing on the pavement with a table napkin in one hand; and attaches to it a newspaper cutting announcing that Mrs. Churchill had given birth to a daughter—asking "Are you sure the napkin is a *serviette*?" Go hon!

NATIONAL PENNY BANK.—MRS. C. (Bayswater), W. A. P. (Bayswater Road), and OTHERS.—You should, of course, take the 5s. in the £ now—and this in our view is the best arrangement that could have been made. The Official Receiver will use every effort to realise the assets to the greatest advantage, and you will receive further instalments from time to time.

M. McQ. (Trillick).—We agree that Mr. Bonar Law's talk about setting up a provisional Government for Ulster as soon as the War is over, was ill-timed.

"LANCASHIRE." (St. Helens.—Please send our publishers your full name and address.

J. G. (Chester).—We do not quite know what you are driving at, but no doubt you are right.

"064" and "065."—Many thanks for your contributions towards our Jumble Sale.

J. S. (Reading).—No. It was John Bright who said there never was a just war or an unrighteous peace. If living to-day, he would say he didn't include this war.

A. S. C. (Putney) criticises the naval authorities for taking cadets of 15-17 from their studies at Dartmouth College and putting them aboard fighting ships. The officers think them a nuisance, he states.

J. F.—Many thanks for the box of flowers, which were much appreciated.

E. H. B. (Ely).—Heartily agree that the recession of Heligoland and the neutralisation of Kiel and the Kiel Canal should be part of the terms when it comes to settling up with the Kaiser.

E. S. (Ardwick).—Sorry, but obviously we cannot advertise everybody who is doing his little bit in this war. Some of us must "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

"SHIRBURNIAN JUNIOR."—Thank you for your letter, but it did not contain the half-crown it purported to do.

H. P. (Gt. Yarmouth) was delighted to notice in our photographic group of JOHN BULL boys at the Front, one of his three brothers now serving, and from whom he had not heard since the outbreak of the War. We are delighted too!

W. P.—Please send your address to sister Elsie—urgent.

"SECRETARY" (London, W.).—Glad to hear the military authorities have accepted the offer of the British Dental Association to improve the molars of men rejected on account of bad teeth.

"CORRESPONDENT" (Brighton).—If, as you say, he has "ingratiated himself with the police force here," write to New Scotland Yard. They will soon decide whether he should be locked up or not.

A. G. N. (Marble Arch).—It is a common dodge just now for the Germhun trading with British customers to start shop in Holland.

G. B. (Crewe).—The object of the P. of W. Fund is the relief of distress caused through the War. Put your case to the Secretary of the Fund.

W. C. (Wood Green).—Information now received from this and other readers is that the Early Closing Association Holiday Share-out Society, though in its infancy, is O.K.

F. E. (Enfield).—If you can afford it (or even if you can't), subscribe by all means. Without a doubt the distress in some of the Belgian districts is dire.

"INQUIRER" (Emden).—The reason the *Emden* has not been sunk beneath the deep is probably due to the fact that our ships thereabouts were being used for the safe convoy of Indian troops.

"DISGUSTED" (Stockwell).—The plain truth is that it has not been the modern practice to authorise British Princes of the Blood to risk their lives in war.

"BULLITE" (Southport) and OTHERS.—It is alleged that the Brighton Corporation have in their employ a German as night watchman. We have written to the Town Clerk twice upon the subject, but have received no reply. We suppose it is too far for you to run down to interview the Mayor?

P. F. and H. R. (U.S.A.).—We have read the *Boston Post's* account of the thrilling adventures at the front of the Waw Waw Feature Film Co.'s "camera-man," and all we have to say is "Bow-wow!"

J. O. R. (Streatham) points out that the Institute Schimmelpfeng, Cheapside, E.C., is an alien concern. A word to the wise breaks no bones.

E. G. (Leyton).—Salvation Army officials assert that they have contributed a large quota to the forces in the field. Whether it consists of other than reservists, who, of course, were compelled to rejoin, we cannot say. Like yourself, we should be glad to know how many have voluntarily enlisted.

A. G. C. (Manchester).—We agree that, instead of employing young able-bodied men as Orderly Room Clerks at the Recruiting Office, Palatine Buildings, Manchester, and other recruiting centres, ex-Army men, unfit for active service, should be engaged.

J. B. (Manor Road, N.E.).—We cannot tell you the percentage of Nonconformists who have enlisted since the war began. We have no doubt that the majority of the recruits are of no particular denomination, but so long as patriotism is their religion they are none the worse for that. On the contrary.

"WELSH" calls us, on a postcard, "a champion instigator of the present war," and asks, "Is it *right* to pick out the best men of a country, and sending them to kill each other?" Certainly not; but it is quite in order to send them to kill the enemy.

MR. GUS ROBINSON (19, Lower Ford Street, Coventry) invites all scoutmasters to send for a free copy of his song, "The Boys of the Scouts Brigade." The chorus begins, "Never fear, John Bull, Never fear; We are here, John Bull, We are here." Thank heavens!

G. T. R. (Manitoba).—For the time being, at any rate, our criticism of the emigration policy of the Dominion Government has ceased with its necessity. In this Empire-crisis Canada deserves well of our thought in her loyal and willing sacrifices.

"NEMO" (B. Wall).—Agree with you that an organised collection of "butchers' bones" for depot-made soup would supply thousands of nourishing meals daily. What say the butchers?

"AUDIBLE" (Belfast).—You would probably find the artificial ear-drums useless to you. Isn't there an ear hospital in Belfast?

A. S. (Newark).—The authorities have no power to "expel or exile" from this country a naturalised British subject. If the man is proved guilty of treasonable actions, he can merely be punished as the law provides.

"ANXIOUS" (Grimsby) tries to make our flesh creep by declaring that the majority of the old Toll Bar Houses in this country are in the hands of the Germans. Our hair refuses to stand on end.

C. H. E. B. (Harrow).—Our recent Variety Turn, "The Patriots," should have touched the consciences of the firms you mention, if they possess any.

Now ready. "The 'John Bull' Portfolio of War Celebrities." 1/- net. Marvellous value. See page 19.

F. C. F. (Deptford).—*Of course*, we think this "a golden opportunity for the Government to collar those Unclaimed Bank Balances"—but under the Party system all Governments are afraid of the Banks.

"SERGEANT" (Coventry).—If, as you surmise, the National Reserve is being held back for the last line of defence in case of need, we cannot see in that an insult to the force. On the contrary, it is an honourable position to occupy.

"READER" (Southport) "would like to know if they are calling in old coins." Somebody seems to be calling in a good many of ours, new as well as old.

E. W. (Rothbury).—On no account should money be given to unauthorised collectors on behalf of unofficial relief funds. Far better to give direct assistance to any case of genuine distress in your own immediate neighbourhood.

A. R. A. (Atherstone).—We have often exposed the shabby game of "Slippery" Slade, of Bradford, who has not yet sent your sister the goods for which she remitted a pound as far back as last May. She should whisper in the Chief Constable's ear.

J. T. W. (W. Kensington).—Benson's Prisoners' Aid Society Farm, Woodgate, Chichester, is certainly backed by some influential names, but we should require details of the relation between cash received and work done before recommending it for your support.

S. E. P. (Southampton).—We quite agree that Lord Willoughby de Broke expects a good deal for his money when he advertises for a Private Secretary, "expert shorthand and typist, book-keeper and accountant, adaptable and well-informed, to live out, salary £2 a week." The job would best suit a poor relation of the great family of "Brokes."

L. A'BURY (Birmingham).—If you knew as much about "Captain" Walter Rand and his rubbishy "Lucky" stones as we do, you would not write such blasphemous twaddle about him. On the other hand, it is possible that you know even *more* about the old Yankee charlatan than we do. If so, your little game does not come off.

W. A. B. (Wallsend).—We have not Canon Symes' version of the affair.

"RUSSIAN SUBJECT" (Battersea).—We have every sympathy with your Alsatian friend in his internment at Frimley, but of course we have no power to interfere.

"COUNCILLORS" (Gravesend).—Sorry we do not know sufficient of the local facts and circumstances to justify us in acting on the assumption that you are being persecuted.

"LUCY" (Upminster) sends us an awfully long screed to reveal unto us that an overseer has a German name, to wit, Briebach. Not to commit ourselves, this may be his misfortune and not his fault.

W. G. (Blackpool).—Have often warned readers against the Royal Furnishing Co., Essex Road, London, N. You can sue them for the 1s. 6d. they have retained.

A. P. L. (Prestatyn).—Sorry we have no means of useful inquiry. On the face of it, we should say that Territorials generous enough to raise a subscription to help the widow would not be contemptible enough to rob her.

T. & Co. (Belfast).—They say "Our firm is owned entirely by British-born subjects, and has been worked with British capital and British employees for the last 25 years." Without making special search, we know no more than they tell you.

"SARNIA" (Guernsey).—In time of war, as in time of peace, nobody gets something for nothing out of the railway companies.

"STRICTLY PRIVATE" (East Sheen).—If he coerced recruits into enlistment, he was wrong and deserves censure. We could not adopt *ex parte*, however, all the statements in your letter.

F. P. (Birmingham).—Your quaint little charm, depicting the Kaiser meeting his well-merited fate by hanging, is neat, topical, and, we hope, prophetic. We see no reason why the police should interfere with the sale.

"NEVER-CATCH-'EM" (Calcutta).—The Observatory Watch and Jewellery Co., of 187, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater, work the old "prize watch" ramp. Glad you are not one of the jays.

E. C. T. (Wolverhampton).—We quite agree that the firms to support are those that have been All-British *all the time*, and not those that are making frantic efforts to explain to the public how certain former foreign elements in their constitution have been eliminated.

R. E. E. (Clapham Park).—Our contemporary's gibe at the C.I.V. was not only ill-mannered, but ill-timed.

H. K. (Manchester).—We believe dairy farmers are allowed to add a small percentage of chemical preservative to new milk, but no other adulteration is permitted. Any addition of juice from the cow with the iron tail is strictly forbidden—but, like most things that are forbidden, it *is* done occasionally.

W. B. N. (Folkestone).—If you are sure the Germhun is masquerading as a Swiss, have the courage of one of your convictions, and inform the police.

"A BROWNI" (Cardiff).—We doubt whether there are enough coloured British subjects resident in Great Britain and married to British wives to form a useful "Coloured British-Born Corps" for Kitchener's Army. But if there are, we see no objection to one being raised. The coloured races have as much to gain by Britain's victory in this war as the pale-faces have.

MRS. M. M. (Burnley).—When the Army doctors discover that your son is subject to fits and is consequently unfit for military service, he will soon receive his discharge. He was foolish to enlist if he was aware of his affliction.

"CHECK MATE" (Highgate).—Thanks, but we are already acquainted with the lines of John Kendrick Bangs, in which he makes the Kaiser say: "Ye blithering slaves beneath My iron heel, What know ye of the things I feel? Didst ever wake at dead of night, And stand in awe of thine own might?" And, to tell the truth, we don't think much of them.

J. C. (Redhill).—That tale of the road-hog moves us to the core. Take the animal to the county court.

J. McN. (Glasgow).—"To hell with Germany!" Don't worry. She is going there all right.

A. P. J. (Guildford).—But surely the National Anthem, as everybody knows it, is even more suitable "for places of worship at this most momentous crisis"?

H. S. (Wallasey).—We note that George Miles, of Stanmer Park Road, Brighton, is working the same spare time employment ramp as Hugh Henderson, whom we recently pilloried. Miles is probably one of the mugs whom Henderson has caught, and is now trying to work the same wheeze on others.

W. T. G. (Lewisham, S.E.).—We don't think there is any occasion to question the loyalty of Prince Louis of Battenberg. Relationships appear to go for little in international warfare, else Uncle William might have hesitated before attacking his nephew George. Kingship, in times of war, ignores kinship.

J. B. C. B. (Sparkbrook).—Sorry you think our articles savour of cant, but we shall all understand each other better soon.

"BETTY."—So you want the vote, do you? Bless your heart, after your sweet letter, we will give you anything.

G. W. H. (Walsall).—All you can do at present is to approach the various passenger steamship owners with your idea for an unsinkable boat.

H. P. (Meerut, Ind.).—Glad you resisted the blandishments of the Universal Supply Co., of 112, High Street, Portsmouth, in the matter of sending them 10s. for a "free" watch. We presume they have not accepted your counter offer to send *them* a watch, free, provided they purchase from you a small portable engine for driving the said watch?

"SANDY" (Mauchline).—What is our candid opinion of you Scotsmen? We respect your native modesty too much to express it.

J. H. B. (Plymouth).—There is no drug specific for blushing. Cultivate habits of self-confidence and sociability, and forget yourself. A cold bath every morning might tone up your blood-vessels. This advice is worth a guinea a word.

"A READER" (Stonehouse).—How would you do for a black-and-white artist? Do we think you "could make anything at this game?" Certainly. You could make a lot of mess.

"CONSTANT READER" (Islington).—The question was answered according to its form and origin. He is a British subject by British law, but in German law he is ot divested of his nationality.

"REG. READER" (Nottingham).—You have been done. There may be room at the top, but the cinema-artist business is very much overcrowded. Your only chance is to get in touch with a film-producing company by way of proving your ability.

REV. A. E. B. (Stretton).—We will certainly be content to do our own work and leave the Church to do hers—if she will do it according to her own Christian professions.

C. McF. (Glsagow).—We do not see that you have much to complain of in Mr. Watt's letter, at any rate, either as to courtesy or attention.

"APHONE" (Wigton).—Cannot tell you the "best" material for the transmission of sound; the worst we know of is the bagpipes.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to the closing of the Stock Exchange and the great pressure on our space by other matter, we are this week compelled to hold over our City Notes and Legal, Financial and Insurance Letter Bag. Inquiries on these subjects, when accompanied by the usual shilling postal order, will be answered by letter.

"Bullets"—the best-judged Word Competition—with the best prizes.

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

BUSINESS AS USUAL.

Extensive alterations are
  Being daily carried on,
And our resources heavily
  Of course are called upon;
But one blithe motto right in front
  We're keeping, to enthuse you all,
By stating that we still maintain
  Our "Business as Usual."

It's not a time for faces glum,
  Or gloomy words of woe,
So put your best foot foremost and
  Please keep it on the go;
Don't let the foe imagine he
  Can plunge into the blues you all,
From shop and home hang out the sign
  Of "Business as Usual."

Let carpers croak as carpers will,
  They itch to weep and moan;
If Jeremiahs must lament
  Let them lament alone;
And if they find you keeping bright,
  And start off to abuse you all,
Then let your smiling features do
  Their Business as Usual.

Why close theatres or the halls,
  And pave the way for grief?
A timely dose of merriment
  Brings solace and relief;
And if the picture palace show
  Unto its benches glues you all,
'Tis but a sign that nature does
  Its Business as Usual.

The hare-brained faddists who deplore
  That football still exists,
Are running down the loved sport of
  The brave lad who enlists;
Should you give ear unto their screams
  Most sorely they'd misuse you all,
So toe the line on Saturday
  For Business as Usual.

Your brother, fighting in the trench,
  Loves chatting 'mid the shot,
He wonders how far up the list
  His fav'rite team has got;
So pay to see, or join and play
  The game that doth contuse you all,
That Tommy may be glad his team
  Does Business as Usual.

And Tommy will do his bit, too,
  Of that you may be sure;
He takes the passage perilous,
  To suffer and endure;
His simple tale of matchless pluck
  To admiration woos you all,
The Germans know him when he gets
  To Business as Usual.

We still send forth our precious freights
  Upon the waters blue,
The goods are British beef and bone—
  And aren't they good goods, too!
And Jack will keep the seascape clear,
  From which he calmly views you all,
The while Britannia carries on
  Her Business as Usual.

The nation's doors are open wide,
  Just in the old sweet way;
The eager light of hope shines in
  Our quick eyes day by day;
The task of John Bull shall be to
  Enlighten and amuse you all;
A long pull and a strong pull, boys,
  And—Business as Usual!

Ricardo.

Printer's Pie.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same slip, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. Envelopes to be marked "Pie" in the left-hand top corner.)

"Daily Mercury" (Leicester):—
"The best help to be accorded . . . will be profitable unemployment at which they can earn wages to maintain themselves."

"Lancashire Daily Post" advertisement:—
"The draw for the late —— ——'s widow is postponed."

"Reynolds's":—
"Mark Brinstein . . . was summoned for failing to pay wages less than the minimum fixed by the Trades Board."

"Eastbourne Gazette":—
"Mr. —— thanks all friends for wreaths sent during his wife's illness."

Vaudeville Electric Theatre (Reading) Programme:—
"The Cruise of the Hell ship"—A stupendous story of the sea so graphically told that our patrons will be rivetED to their seats."

"Bristol Evening News":—
Tragic affair at Chelsea: The King left London to-day for Goring, Oxfordshire, to inspect the troops in training there."

"Ashburton Western Guardian":—
The births were seven (five boys and 29 girls)."

"Evening News":—
"His funeral took place in pitch darkness by lantern light. . . ."

"South Wales Daily News":—
"The fruit trade is practically confined at present to apples, damsels and prunes, which are all selling at very low prices."

Bull's Eyes.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Isn't the Berlin Butcher suffering from loss of trade?
Won't the *next* Peace Conference be held in Berlin?
Is "port" the favourite "tipple" in the German Navy?
Is General von Bernhardi any relation to Von Kierhardi?
Isn't the Russian Bear all right when it comes to a squeeze?
Are the German warships afraid it will be a case of "Get out and go under"?
Doesn't training boys of sixteen show that the Kaiser is short of "infantry"?
Has winter clothing for the Italian Army been ordered because it is cold in Germany?
Are the Germans finding that, in the case of our Army, "familiarity breeds contempt"?

* * *

Have you managed to extract that "Bullet" yet? See page 28.

* * *

"There is no moratorium for love," we read. No, it is unnecessary; love seldom pays.

* * *

A Paris flower-seller has sixty-seven relations fighting. And not among themselves, this time.

* * *

"They are tough nuts," says a staff-sergeant-major of the Turcos. Evidently a "crack" corps.

* * *

In one night, without much result, the Austrians fired 10,000 shells across the Save. What a waste.

* * *

At many schools the teaching of German is being discontinued. This is wrong; we may want to colonise the country.

* * *

How to Cook a German Sausage.

Cook on a British Kitchener,
Use a Japan enamelled saucepan,
Grease will with Russian tallow,
Flavour with a little Jellicoe,
Servia up. Help with French capers and Brussels sprouts.

The Belgian National Anthem—words and music. See this week's "Mary Bull." Friday, 1d.

NEW FOOTBALL CONTEST THIS WEEK.

THE BIGGEST FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFER Made by any Paper

£1,000 once again

£125 MUST BE WON.

FOR AN ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

Another Football Contest this week. Again we are offering the huge sum of £1,000 for an all-correct coupon with a £100 must-be-won cash prize. In addition a special extra £25 prize will be awarded for the best Mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*.

No goals are required. Home and Away wins and Draws only are wanted. Send as many coupons as you like—but please post early. Fill in the Coupon *this* week.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, October 31st, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

COUPON and Rules on PAGE 2 of COVER.

Should no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, £100 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, even if only 8 or 10.

£25 "MAUVE" COUPON PRIZE.

In addition we shall pay an extra £25 cash prize for the most correct forecast sent on a "Mary Bull" mauve coupon.

By using a mauve coupon, you have the opportunity of winning not only the £1,000 or the £100, but an extra £25. Thus in any event

£125 MUST BE WON.

Should a mauve coupon win, or share the £1,000 or £100, the £25 will be awarded to the sender of the next best mauve coupon. The mauve coupon will be found in this week's "Mary Bull" on sale Friday, October 16th.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 5."

The closing date is Friday, October 30th.

SEND ENTRIES EARLY. FILL IN THE COUPON THIS WEEK.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

A GEM FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"My friend what lives at Cristchurch in Hamshire as got some startling news for you but he carn't write properley so as got me to know if I can write it for him. Is name is George and say as how you will remember him asking you to have a cup of tea last Bank holiday at the Temperence Fate what was held on Rookery Farm Pokesdown near Lady Patricks estate at Iford.

You would not know him perhaps as you refuse to speak but he regognise you by your Photo on the cover of your newspaper.

Did you have to pay sixpunce to go in or was you one of them called the Kommitee what gets in for nothing. That was not right Mr. Bull everybody ougth have go in free.

Please send your Head Commishioner down at once to find out about that Leg of Mutton and the Am what they was to give away free as prize to the one what turned round free times with his eyes shut and touch it with a stick. The information what my friend as for you say that there was no am or Leg of Mutton inside the paper what it was wrapped in because it was left hangin on the Gole Posts all night altho seven people manage to touch it with their eye shut. Send your Commishoner at once tell him to get out train at Cristchurch. George will meet him at station if you send him a telegraph to say time dont spare no expense because this will be a greate thing for your book if it true everybody in Iford and Cristchurch will have one if you are quick in finding out about the Am and Leg of Mutton what was to be give away to the winner as George don't know of anybody what had it and he say the paper Leg of Mutton hanging on posts next morning when he was serching field for anything what anybody might have dropt, and the paper what the Am was in was there too and no one could get more than 9 for to get a live pig it was too balls a 1d. and you had to knock 8 things down which was impossible if you didn't knock 8 down you got nothing, that was a fraud."

Racing Notes.

To-day will be decided what is in ordinary years the most popular handicap of the season, the Cesarewitch. Princess Dorrie is the popular fancy, but the stable connections consider she stands at a false price. Fiz-Yama is quite expected to repeat his victory of last year. If he does so he will establish a record. He looks likely, at least, to run into a place. October has done well and is fancied. The issue appears to be between Fiz-Yama, October and GRAVE GREEK, and in selecting the latter to win, the other two should be worth backing for place contingencies.

To-morrow (Thursday), CORNSHEAF ought to win the Ditch Mile Nursery; SANTAIR*, the best thing of the week, the Heath Handicap; ARCHILAUS the Prendergast Stakes, and GOLDEN SUN the Challenge Stakes.

On Friday the Middle Park Plate looks good for FRIAR MARCUS. The Exning Handicap should go to DOLABELLA; the Southfield Plate to KILTOI, and the Royal Stakes to FIRST SPEAR.

At Lingfield on Saturday LAGGARD may win the October Nursery; GLENELG the Cage Selling Nursery; LUX the Lingfield Home Bred Stakes, and WHITE ABBEY the Lingfield Park Autumn Stakes.

The International Correspondence Schools have more young men of military age on their register than any other institution in the country. There are 1,200 students in the British Navy. The first I.C.S. naval student to lose his life in the War was Chief Telegraphist W. C. Mair, of the *Amphion*. In the Regular Army the institution has 1,300 students, and about 7,500 more were called to the Colours with the Territorials and Reserve Forces during the first month of hostilities. Moreover, a special Corps of I.C.S. students has been enrolled by permission of the War Office. The policy of the I.C.S., during this crisis, is a sound one, namely, "In Time of War Prepare for Peace." The I.C.S. is certainly coming well out of the crisis.

Winners Wanted Weekly for Our Record "Bullets" Prizes

1st Prize **£250** **1st Prize**

£250 1st Prize.

TEN WAR PRIZES OF £20 each

100 Prizes of 10/-

10 Prizes of **£2 10**

1,000 Handsome Prizes

200 Prizes of **5/-**

Bullets can be constructed only from any of these 30 Examples.

THE NEW ARMY	DAMAGING ADMISSION	LOST ART	NOT FAST ENOUGH	REGULAR CALLER
WAR TERMS	SCRAP OF PAPER	FUNNY STORY	BRIDGET'S SWEETHEART	A BURNING QUESTION
CLIPPING HIS WINGS	I DON'T THINK	HIGHWAY ROBBERY	COULDN'T HELP IT	NOT AMAZING WHEN
FIREWORK DISPLAY	BLOWN UP	A NEAR THING	HIS INTENTIONS	SITTING UP
FALLING FAST.	BIG BLOND BEAST	STARTLING REDUCTIONS	MAKING NO ADVANCE	OUT OF WORK
A GALLANT DEFENCE	A LADY-KILLER	SAD TO RELATE	DISPUTING WILL	DOESN'T TROUBLE FATHER

BEST PRIZE OFFER OF ANY PAPER

Closing date, Thursday, October 22nd

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(107) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed

Address

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.
This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated October 24th.

Closing date, Thursday, October 22nd.

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(107) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed

Address

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 107," "JOHN BULL," LONDON, E.C.4. W.I.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 7th, 1914.

FOR RESULT OF COMPETITION 104
See Page Opposite.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "REGULAR CALLER," and take the letters "L" and "C," using the word "When" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet, "LOVER WHEN COURTING." From the example "STARTLING REDUCTIONS," the Bullet "GENERALLY ATTRACT," can be formed. Again, if you choose the example "SAD TO RELATE," using the letter "R" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet "ROCKEFELLER NOT RELATION."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF 104TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. C. WILKES GREEN,
Temperance Hotel,
High Street, Bromsgrove,
Worcestershire.

Example:—GERMANY'S DEFENCE.
Bullet:—ENGLAND'S "PICK" DEMOLISHES.

10 WAR PRIZES OF £20 EACH:

Mr. R. E. BROUN, 11, Simpson Street, Chirton, near North Shields.
LODGER'S COMPLAINT—GAVE SWING CAT.

Mr. M. PARKER, 14 Gambier Terrace, Liverpool
BUTCHER'S BILL—"BOBS" UP CONTINUALLY.

Mr. GEO. H. WILTSHIRE, Church Street, Cuddington, Aylesbury
LODGER'S COMPLAINT—"TOUCHING" HIS 'PROVISIONS"

Mr. JAS. McNEIL, 2, John Street, Gourock, N.B.:
WHEN HUBBY'S LATE—HE "SLIPS" UPSTAIRS.

Mr. J. S. SMITH, 104, Hill Street, Garnethill, Glasgow:
TOMMY'S TRIUMPHS—"PURSUING" HIS OCCUPATION.

Mr. FRANK MILNES, 26, Peeveden Road, Nether Green, Sheffield:
RETIRING DISPOSITION—OFTEN "PUT ON."

Mr. ALBERT E. BAKER, South Down House, Henfield, Sussex:
A BAD LIE—EXCUSABLE WHEN ENLISTING.

Mr. M. HUNT, Thomastown, Kilkenny, Ireland:
SPOILING SPORT—RULING CATHEDRALS OUT.

Mr. HENRY GENNARI, 56, Wardour Street, London, W.:
A BAD LIE—BURGLAR'S "ME, DEAR."

Miss J. PATTERSON, 20, Selton Drive, Sefton Pk., Liverpool:
A BAD LIE—DADDY MADE BED.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Mr. H. E. SMITH, 29, St. Mary Street, Cardiff:
SPOILING SPORT—SOLDIERS DESTROYING TUNNELS.

Mr. B. PENTELOW, 26, Tredegar Road, Southsea:
ON THE WAY—TOPER MET "EVERYBODY."

Mr. G. D. HARVEY, 11, Bromley Avenue, Sefton Pk, Liverpool:
BADLY COOKED—CONSUMED WITH ANGER.

Mr. B. T. GREAVES, Cleveland, Endcliffe Rise Road, Sheffield:
MOST UNFORTUNATE WHEN—NO "COVER"—"RETIRING."

Mrs. C. J. MARSTON, 80, Savernake Rd., Hampstead, London N. W.:
DISHONEST CLAIM—"SEVEN O'CLOCK EDITION."

Mr. G. J. F. McMILLAN, 185, New King's Road, Parsons Green, London, S.W.:
CROSSING THE WATER—THE WORKHOUSE TEALEAF.

Mr. G. D. SHOW, 241, Lyham Road, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.:
RETIRING DISPOSITION—INDIANS AT PICTURES.

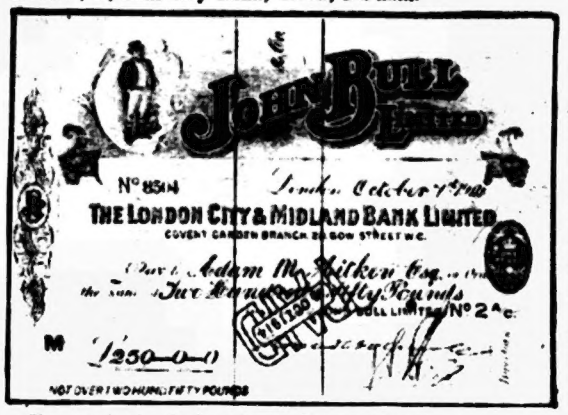
Mrs. F. E. STROUTS, St. Clair, Kennington, Ashford, Kent:
ON THE WAY—OPTIMISTS "SHIP" ALWAYS.

Mr. J. H. WALKER, 20, Howard Road, Balaam Street, Plaistow, London, E.:
GERMANY'S DEFENCE—CREDIT "UNDERMINED" NEXT.

Miss M. GREGORY, c.o. 15, Edward St., Moss Side, Manchester:
LODGER'S COMPLAINT—"CLEAN" FORGOTTEN EVIDENTLY.

100 PRIZE WINNERS OF 10s. EACH.

ADAM, J., Junr., Ivy Cottage, Coupar Angus, Scotland.
AINSLEY, A. (Mrs.), 25, Meldon Terrace, Westoe, Sth. Shields.
AIRD, G. D., 50, Forster Street, Sunderland.
ALCOCK, E. F., 16, Dumpton Park Drive, Ramsgate.
ANDERSON, J. C., 20, Fitzwilliam Street West, Huddersfield.
ANDERSON, C. (Miss), West Dene, Claremont Road, Irlam o' th' Heights, Manchester.
ARCHER, S. S., 9, Ewart Road, Chatham, Kent.
BARNES, W. C., 202, Morusey Road, Holloway, N.
BELL, E., c.o. 50, Market Street, Wellingboro', Northants.
BODKIN, W., 1 Mess, H.M.S. *Victorious*, c.o. G.P.O.
BOWLES, J. N., 66, Leonard Street, Neath.
BAYLISS, GEO. H., 27, Bore Street, Lichfield, Staffs.
BRADER (Mrs.), 5, Rosebery Avenue, Lincoln.
BROWN, J., 8, Somerville Place, Glasgow, E.
BURTON, J., Ainsworth Hospital, Bolton, Lancashire.
CAMPBELL, GRACE, 261, West Green Road, Tottenham, N.
CLARKE, H. (Junr.) 46, Webster Terr., Hemingfield, Barnsley.
COCKERELL, B. (Miss), Penola, Sevenoaks, Kent.
COTHY, F., 69, Queen's Road, Clifton, Bristol.
COPPER, W. E., Old Brumby, Scunthorpe, Lincs.
DAVIS, K. (Miss), 1, Albert Cottages, Middleton Road, Guildford,
DAVIES, D. A., Melrose House, Newport, Pem.
DAVIES, W., Gwent Villa, Glyn Neath, Glam.
DE LACEY, F. W., 62, Bridgford Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.
DUNN, F., 12, Shrewsbury St., Dunston, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
DUNCAN, M. A., 6, Braco Street, Fife Keith, Banffshire
FAWCETT, J., 19, Tudor Road, Moseley, Birmingham.
FEARNELEY, H., 5, Norfolk Street, City, Manchester.
FOX (Mrs.), 15, Lynn Street, West Hartlepool.
GALTRESS, F. M., 105, Danvers Road, Leicester.
GALE, G., 8, Cambridge Terrace, Basingstoke.
GRIGG, E. P., 118, Loughboro' Road, West Bridgford, Notts.
GROOME, A. R., 1, Ambleside Villas, Tower Road, Hereford.
HALE, ANNIE, 12, Wanlass Terrace, Durham City.
HARRIS, A. C., 23, The Avenue, Stone, Staffs.
HARVEY, C. H., Mayford, Woking, Surrey.
HARDIMAN, A. W., 82, Springbank Rd., Hither Green, S.E.
HAWARD, CISSIE, 48, School Road, Sale, Cheshire.
HAYES, S. J., 22, Talbot Road, Bearwood, Smethwick.
HEDGES A. (Mrs). 84, Aspinall Road, Brockley, S.E
HOPKINSON (Mrs.), 1, Tokio Road, Copnor, Portsmouth.
JAMES, J., 41, Regent Street, Swindon.
JENKINS, J., 12, Buckeridge St., Bancroft Rd., Mile End, E.
JOHNSTON, N. (Miss), 4, Hampden Road, Nr. Tranmere, Birkenhead.
JUDD, G. W., S.W.R. Station, Parkstone.
KENT, H. C., 15, Colne Road, Clapton, N.E.
LANSDOWNE, J. H., 46, Bristol Road, Forest Gate, E.
LARDER, G., c.o. Eley Bros., Ltd., Ammunition Manufacturers, Edmonton, London. N.
LYNES, E. (Mrs.), 15, Vauxhall Bldgs., Dolland St., Vauxhall.
MALLETT, G., 32, Esme Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham.
MARKEY, J. D., Curragh Camp, Ireland.
MAUGHAN, J. C., 87, Welcome Street, Hulme, Manchester.
McGREGOR, A., Birchbank, Muirton Place, Perth.
MEESON, J. B., 32, Well Close Terrace, Leeds.
METHLEY, S. H., 63, Linnaeus Street, Hull.
MILLS, M. (Miss), 1, Glengyle Terrace, Edinburgh.
MOIR, G. E. (Mrs.), Percival House, 50, Wandsworth Bridge Road, S.W.
MORTON, C. H., 8, Brunton Terrace, Howarth St., Sunderland.
MURPHY, J., Electrician, Asylum, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary.
NEAL, Mr., 9, Cross Court, Bow Street, W.C.
NELSON, H., 31, Crawley Road, Leyton, N.E.
PAYNE, T., Blue Lion Hotel, Bradford.
PAYNE, D., 91, South Parade, Grantham, Lincs.
PERRIN, D. L., Waverley, Cliffe Avenue, Westonville, Margate.
RANDALL, S. C., 12, Bridge Street, Exeter.
READING, A., High Street, Solihull, Birmingham.
REDMAN, W., 75, Varley Street, Newton, Manchester.
RICHARDS, F., Sticklepath, Okehampton, Devon.
RICHARDSON, A. W., Gunner, R.M.A. J. 5501, Eastney Bks., Portsmouth.
RICHARDSON, L., 20, Corporation Buildings, Smithfield Market Manchester.
RIGGINS, J., 469, Gallowgate, Glasgow.
RUDKIN, I., Cemetery Bank, Crook, Durham.


JOHN BULL LIMITED
No 8514
London October 17th 1914
THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK LIMITED
COVENT GARDEN BRANCH 26 BOW STREET W.C.
Pay to Adam McAitken Esq. or Order
the Sum of Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds
£250-0-0
NOT EXCEEDING TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS

The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of J. C. Goodfellow and Son, 63, High Street, Hawick, from Thursday October 15.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at the Picture Theatre, Hawick, N.B.

SCOTT, R. S., 9, Victoria Street East, Shotton, Sunderland.
SELKIRK, W. O., Victoria Road School, Middlesbrough.
SEVFANG, H., *Essex Weekly News* Office, Chelmsford, Essex.
SHARP, E., 110, Lower Rushton Road, Bradford.
SHELTON, J. W., F.R.H.S., North View, Haxby, York.
SLOAN, J., 2, Richmond Cres., North Richmond Street, Dublin.
SMITH, F., H.M. Mine Sweeper, St. Mayhill, c.o. King's Harbour Master, Dover.
SMOOTHY, A. V., 43, Princes St., Southend-on-Sea.
SNELL, D. J., Arcade Music Stores, High Street, Swansea.
SPICER, R. C., 349, Unthank Road, Norwich.
STALKER, W., 16, Ashley Street, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.
STEVENS, P., 24, Richmond Road, Altrincham.
STOREY (Mrs), South View, Tullibody, Stirling.
SUTTON, W., 55, Medgbury Road, Swindon.
TARBATT, W., 24, Derby Road, Burton-on-Trent.
THACKRAY, R., 10, Grange Street, Lee Mt., Halifax.
THOMSON, GLADYS, Greenknow Manse, Annan, N.B.
THORNTON, H., 86, Meadow Street, Masboro' Rotherham.
TURNER, H., 59, Margaret Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs.
TWEED, E. M., Burton Coggles, Grantham.
TWAIN, W. E., 249, Foundry Lane, Southampton.
WALTER, MAY, The Laurels, Sunny Gardens, Hendon.
WHEELER, A. E., 1, Lower King's Road, Berkamstead, Herts.
WHITTLE (Mrs.), 30, Wigan Road, Atherton, Lancs.
WILSON, V., Royal Naval Canteen, Portland, Dorset.
WOOD, J., Hayley Green, Stourbridge.
WRIGLEY, J. E., 510, Heyheads, Stalybridge, Cheshire.
WYNDHAM, S., 50, Upper Hope Place, Liverpool.

Selection from 200 Prize-Winners of 5s. each.

NAPPIN, C. B. (Mrs.), 3, Cranes Park Avenue, Surbiton, S.W.
NEWTON, A. (Sergt.), Police Station, Lee S.E.
NEWMAN, T. S., 13, Jernigham Road, New Cross, S.E.
NICKERSON, E., 57, Pratt Street, Camden Town, N.W.
OAKLEY, A. H., 56, Brownlow Street, Weymouth.
PAGIN & O., O., 8, Lord Street, Grimsby.
PARKER, W., Abbey Hey House, Gorton, Manchester.
PARKIN, E., Hippodrome, Holyhead.
PARDOE, E. (Mrs.), 71, Turner Green, Northfield, Birmingham.
PEACH, C. H., Cottingham, Mkt. Harboro'.
PECK, A. (Miss), Rossdea, Nr. Lowestoft.
PERRETT, L. (Miss), 2, Bishop Street, Bedminster, Bristol.
PERCIVAL, G., Station Road, Laughton Common, near Rotherham.
PETHERBRIDGE, G. V., 11, Rischolme Avenue, Wheeler Street, Hull.
PHIPPS, D. C., Glen Royd, Bremington, Chesterfield.
PICKWICK, G. S. (Mrs.), 138, St. Thomas' Road, Finsbury Park, N.
PIPER, S. A., Ferndale, Wellington Road, Bilston.
PITT, G. A., No. 588, Pte., "E" Coy., 1st Hants Regt., Natl. Reserve, Queen's Parade, Aldershot.
PLAINE, A. D. (Miss), 42, Blenheim Terrace, Abbey Road, N.W.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 28, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, October 22nd

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Why should the Kaiser forbid your Banns?

Have a War wedding, and start your married life in the very home you have both set your hearts on. You can get it without touching a penny of your savings, if you go to the "Midland" for your furniture. For at the "Midland" you still have the choice of over £100,000 worth of superb furniture **on the famous Midland Ideal Terms.**

Write to-day for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

and you will see that the "Midland" prices and terms give you the utmost possible value for every shilling. The "Midland" Book contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. Write for it to-day.

Free Life and Fire Insurance

The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest, no deposit—nothing beyond the plainly marked prices on each article.

Customers can also obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against fire free.**

Ideal Terms.
Town or Country.

Worth		Per Month.
£10	...	£0 6 0
£20	...	0 11 0
£30	...	0 17 0
£40	...	1 5 0
£50	...	1 8 0
£100	...	2 5 0
£200	...	4 10 0
£500	...	11 5 0

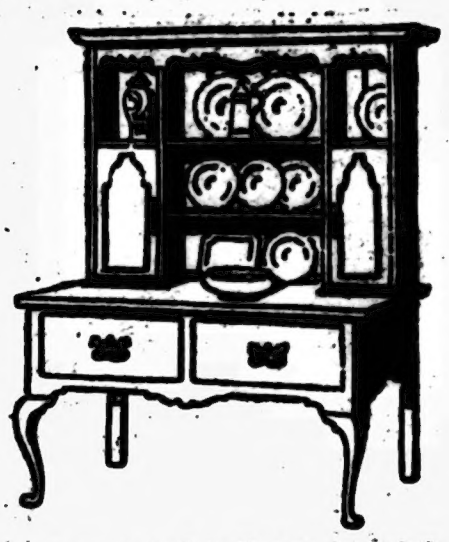
Larger amounts pro rata.

Country Orders.

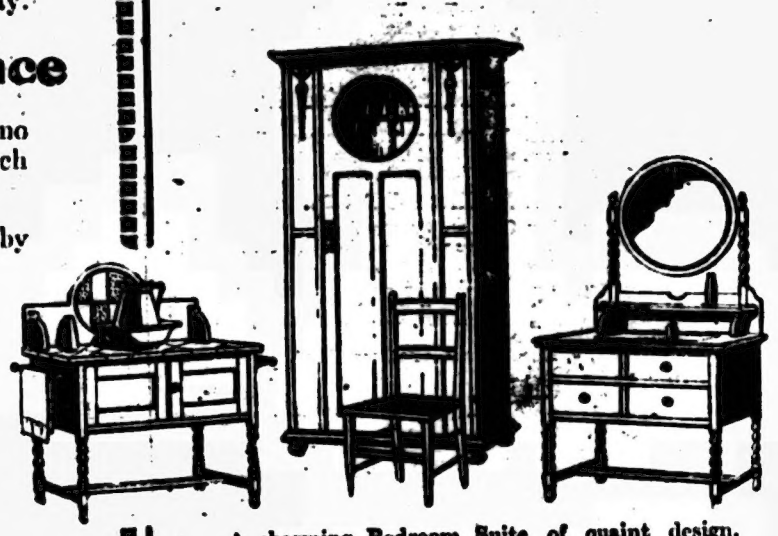
All goods carefully packed free of charge, and forwarded carriage paid.

10% Discount for Cash.

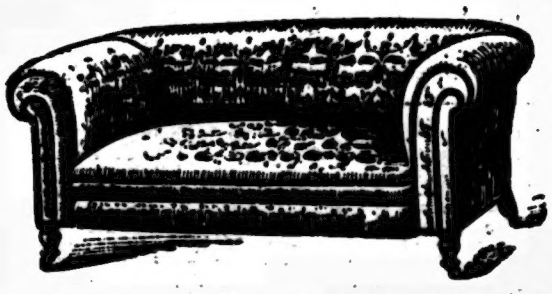
An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously-upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at £2 15s. 0d.



A most artistic Oak Dresser, beautifully designed on Queen Anne lines, with 2 drawers and 2 cupboards. Exceptional value, £5 15s. 0d.



A charming Bedroom Suite of quaint design, soundly constructed of well-seasoned oak, finished a rich antique brown. The suite comprises a commodious Wardrobe, handsome Dressing-table with bevelled mirror, and a marble topped Wash-stand. Complete with two rush-seated Chairs £8 18s. 6d.



Large size Chesterfield, beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry to customer's choice, With or without drop end. £4 14s. 6d.

Rail Fares Paid.

If you live outside London, your fare up to London will be refunded to you on all purchases amounting to £20 or over.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies.

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Governing Director: GEORGE MICHAEL (who has been associated with the business for 40 years)

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Also Imperial News Co., Ltd., Canada.
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